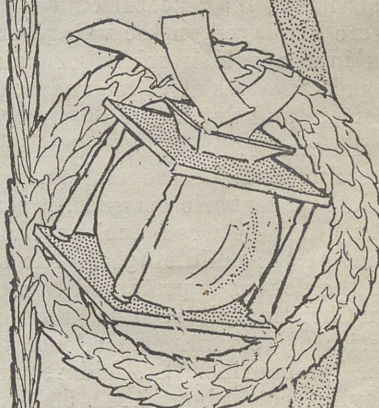
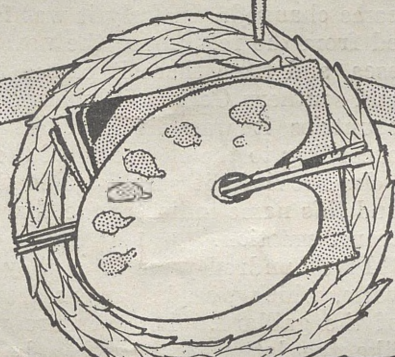
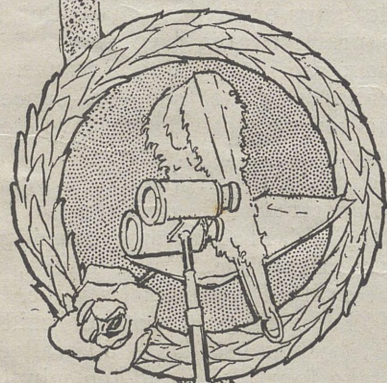


# Graphic



VOL. XXVIII Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 8, 1908. No. 10



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PRICE 10 CENTS



# A Terpsichorean Disquisition—VII

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

It must be acknowledged, therefore, in conclusion, that the waltz came to stay; and that it is not only the dance of swell society among the civilized nations of both hemispheres, but is the dance of the boulevards of Paris, and Marseilles; of the cafés and concert halls of Seville and Rio de Janeiro; of the beer gardens of Vienna, Budapest and Berlin, and the dance halls of all such American places as the Bowery. Just as the most sparkling and exhilarating of all wines promotes a joy and a radiance above all other nectareous potables, so the most sensuous and irradiating of all dances is redolent of the supremest of all Terpsichorean movements and delights—even if many consider both wine and dancing doubtful.

The opinion most generally conceded is that France received the waltz from Germany toward the close of the eighteenth century, and among many beliefs this contains the most truth; but the justice of attributing to Germanic influence the renaissance of the waltz in France does not of necessity verify the statement that it had its origin in Germany, says the "Parisian."

Like everything else that touches humanity, where nothing is born spontaneously but everything is the product of a series of successive evolutions, the waltz did not emanate in its present form from the brain of a dancing master. Long before 1780, the time when we find it first mentioned under this name, its graceful curves and cadences were displayed on the village greens as well as in the golden salons of palaces; it had its alternatives of vogue and neglect, its supporters and detractors.

The waltz, like many other secular things, we find first in the church, where, in the midst of barbaric disorder, it serves to trace the union between ancient civilization and that of the middle ages. The sacred dance of the pagans is preserved to a certain point in Christian rites; it is transformed to a series of revolutions made to the sound of the tambourine. St. Isidore, archbishop of Seville, born about A. D. 580, was intrusted by the council of Toledo with the revision of the liturgy as it was then practiced in the Roman church, in which there was a tambourine dance. The council decided to adopt the Isidorian liturgy in all Spain, and it differed but little from that used in other countries at that time. This rite, celebrated before the eighth century, when the Moors first invaded Spain, was still celebrated by the Christians in the seven churches of Toledo, which the Moors abandoned after their capture of the city, and was after that time called the Moorish rite.

This was known and employed in Provence and Italy. The tambourine in use in this religious dance was called by St. Isidore "moitié de symphonie," and evidently corresponded to the instrument which, in the ancient sacred dances, accompanied the flute, a sort of bagpipe invented two centuries B. C. And thus, as the religious dance of the middle ages is allied to the ancient sacred dance, so the waltz is an evolution of this

religious dance, having passed through many changes before arriving at its present form.

In the eleventh century, when the Gregorian rite supplanted the Moorish rite, the dance disappeared from the church. It appeared very quickly in society under the name of carole, a word derived from the Latin caroler; afterwards under that of basse-dance, in which the grand prelates, kings and dignitaries did not disdain to join, composed of three parts, two very slow and one more lively.

The people—and, at this time, all who were not of the clergy or royalty were the people—used the latter part, called the tourdion, which, lighter and more lively, appealed to them, and, little by little, it became changed. In Italy it was first separated from the rest under the name of romanesca, and from there it passed to Provence and southern Germany, but in each of these countries it was diversified and developed according to the character of the people.

In Provence it soon became the gaillard, and this name indicates the character of the transformation.

Five hundred years later they danced the volte, which was, in turn, a transformation of the gaillard. The measure was ternary like the latter, and might be designated technically thus: Two steps, a skip, feet together, pause. The man first faced the opposite couple, then skipped on the left foot, turning the left shoulder toward them; repeating this four times, he again faced the other dancers; as for the lady, her movements were reduced to embracing as tightly as possible the neck of her cavalier.

As can be seen at once, this dance resembled the waltz in three ways. It was danced in three-time, it was the first dance in which a turn was made, and the first in which the dancer embraced his partner. The latter, in fact, did not touch the ground; the cavalier held her suspended with his left arm as he executed the four movements described above.

At the court of Valois the volte was a favorite dance, especially with Catherine de Medici, while Henry II. was charmed with the Psalm which Clement Marot set to an air of the volte, thinking, perhaps, that what came from the church should go back to the church. The volte, as did later the waltz, turned the heads of this court. The queen, Marguerite de Navarre, wife of Henry IV., was an admirable volteuse.

After the corrupt court of Valois had been dispersed by the league, and Henry III., the last of the great volteurs, had fallen under the knife of Jacques Clement, this dance disappeared forever from court, city and people. Though it greatly resembled the waltz, the latter did not descend from it directly, but was rather the younger sister of it.

In fact, the romanesca, transported, as we have said, to Provence and southern Germany, was developed in these countries very differently; in Provence into the gaillard and volte, while the Germans, more dreamy and slow, changed the romanesca into the German and waltz.

The volte succumbed, while young, to oblivion, in the sixteenth century, by very reason of its excess, but the German lived

long and produced the waltz which reigns today.

About 1780 an incident occurred which tended to fix definitely the waltz among German customs, in its present form and name, placing it in high society and making it known to foreigners. This was its introduction in an opera by Vincent Martin, "Una Cosa Vara," which, in 1787, dethroned, at Vienna, the "Figaro" of Mozart. Four characters in this opera, Lubia, Vita, Chita and Lilla, dressed in black and rose color, danced on the stage the first waltz.

The favorable reception of the opera naturally drew the attention of society to the dance, and under the name of cosa vara it immediately became the fashion, and shortly afterwards assumed the name of waltz, by which it has been known ever since.

Thus from the tourdion of the aristocratic dance, transformed by the people, was born the romanesca, which became, in France, the gaillard and volte, and in Germany, through various stages, emerged at last into the waltz, and this last avatar of the old dance of the eleventh century seems to be installed definitely and to have fixed the fancy of the world.

The waltz has always had, and always will have, appreciation and opposition, but it has triumphed over all and today its musical rhythm, so charming and captivating, which Beethoven and Chopin disdained not to immortalize, is to be heard on every side. "The Invitation to the Waltz," by Weber, magnificently orchestrated by Berlioz, is celebrated. Of course, it must be remembered that these waltzes were composed to be listened to rather than to be danced.

The waltz to twentieth-century America is a seductive whirl; the pirouette in Egypt 4000 years ago was a ceremony, and so it is now with certain dervishes. In this instance we have improved upon solemnity, as in our two-step we have tamed and rounded out the leaping of savage tribes. But while we have promoted the joyousness of dancing, we have sacrificed its significance. Only in the ballet or by the "song-and-dance" artists of the variety stage do we have stories told in steps and gestures.

According to M. Giraudet, president of the "International Academy of Authors, Masters and Professors of Dancing, Behavior and Deportment" (of Paris), waltzing has been lifted to an exact science, thus:

"To become a good waltzer," said the Professor, "you must dance 50 waltzes. This will take four hours and ten minutes. The pupil in his four hours and ten minutes will have travelled 10,000 yards, made 7000 steps, 7000 turns and moved his feet 42,000 times.

"To dance the mazurka you must work three minutes at a time 35 times, and by the time you have learned it you will have made 2415 steps, 1207½ turns, you will have travelled 4000 yards and you will be rather tired.

"But when you dance the polka you need 23 spasms of four minutes each, 4000 steps, 2300 turns, 9200 bars of music; you will have moved your feet 18,400 times and you will have travelled three miles and a half."



R. H. Hay Chapman  
Editor

# Graphic

Winfield Scott  
Manager

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## Matters of Moment

### The Hughes Movement.

The formal indorsement last week by the Republican County Committee of New York definitely locates Governor Charles E. Hughes as a presidential candidate. The resolution favored an instructed delegation to the Chicago convention, which shall use all honorable means to obtain the nomination of Hughes until he is "either nominated or directs the withdrawal of his name from the consideration of the convention."

Hitherto, Hughes has been the man of mystery of the presidential race. He has refused to take the slightest step to advance his candidacy. Until the action of the New York committee, indeed, he had refused to admit his candidacy. To all inquirers, to every importunity, his answer was simply that his attention was monopolized by his duties as Governor of New York. His attitude toward the presidential nomination, or rather his lack of attitude, discouraged his champions and puzzled the politicians. The wisest observers have been in doubt whether Governor Hughes was devoid of political sense, or whether he was the most adroit of politicians, making an entirely new departure in a presidential campaign.

After all however, Hughes' position should not be so unintelligible. Certainly, if there be virtue in the adage that "the office should seek the man, and not the man the office," Governor Hughes has been conspicuously virtuous as its solitary exponent. But despite the popularity of this precept—as a precept—the efficacy of its practical application to politics is doubted. A presidential candidate must be known and well advertised beyond the confines of his own State. The politicians point out that Governor Hughes has not been a figure of national importance since his great work in the investigation of the insurance scandals. They fear he is not sufficiently familiar a figure, outside of New York, to appeal to the constituency of the whole country. The picture of a public servant so devoted to his immediate duty as to be careless of his political future—even of the highest opportunity than can fall to an American citizen—is

believed to be too novel to arouse enthusiasm.

What other doubtful criticism is there of Hughes? A prominent political figure in New York observed recently: "I have worked hard for Hughes from the beginning, but I am through with him. I find I stand no better with him than if I had worked against him." Another political leader returned from Albany, saying he had asked for the barest possible concession—anything that would amount to recognition of the organization—and the Governor had replied that he would not turn over his hand to become President. "These politicians," says "Collier's Weekly," "genuinely believe that such demeanor, such refusal to give and take, betokens selfishness, illiberality, meanness, egotism, viciousness, brutality, perfidy, hardness, un-Americanism and sin. Their view of public life and its obligations is so ingrained that in our generation it will hardly disappear."

Nevertheless, despite Hughes' refusal to use "the organization," or to be used by it, so overwhelming is the confidence in Governor Hughes—in New York, at least—that "the organization"—the county committee—was compelled to indorse him. And Hughes' indorsement is the more significant, in that almost up to the last moment a tremendous campaign was waged against his interests by the Taft boosters, with no less a power than the President of United States and the Federal machine behind them.

With Hughes' unique record for absolute independence behind him, it is too much to ask the people to believe that the movement in his favor can be traced to the fertile brain of E. H. Harriman, in command of a \$5,000,000 Wall street pool, plotting to defeat the President's personally selected successor. Because the administration has determined to force the nomination of Taft—a circumstance which eventually will not aid Taft's candidacy—the movement in favor of another candidate is attributed to the President's enemies. Mr. Roosevelt loves "a square deal." Such a charge against Hughes and his supporters—without any evidence

whatever—is palpably unfair, and from every measure of Hughes, it is as absurd as it is unfair.

Governor Hughes, moreover, seized the first opportunity, not only to refute such imagination, but to heap "coals of fire" upon the President's head by the warmest commendation of the administration, as one which "to a degree almost unparalleled has impressed the popular imagination, and won the confidence of the people." The country, he said, is under lasting obligations to President Roosevelt for his vigorous opposition to abuses and for the strong impulse he has given to movements for their correction.

In his first public speech, after the projection of his candidacy, Hughes made it plain that he considered the bounden duty of the next administration would be to continue those Roosevelt policies in "the battle for free institutions" and the "struggle against special privileges." As a means of railroad supervision he suggested an administrative board. The Sherman anti-trust act, he believed, should be clarified, that the law may be made stronger and more effective by being made more definite. He advocated revision of the tariff, suggesting that readjustment of schedules be effected by an expert commission.

The Hughes speech of declaration has strengthened the conviction that he is a statesman of the highest ability and has made it plain that there is more than one "Richmond in the field."

### Investigation and Action.

In his "speech of declaration" Governor Hughes said: "We must be patient, impartial and thorough; investigation must precede action; good will must displace passion and the sole motive must be to seek the truth and do the right." In this sentence may be found the only possible criticism of President Roosevelt and his policies. On the same day that Governor Hughes made his speech, the President sent a red-hot special message to congress. The most sensational portion of the sensational message was the bitter arraignment of President Ripley, of



the Santa Fe, whom the President has elected to the Ananias Club. The attack on Ripley was based on a letter stolen from the Santa Fe offices which, somehow or other, had fallen into the hands of Francis J. Heney. The letter was mailed to the President from Portland, January 11. Twenty days later it was made a portion of the President's special message. Did "investigation precede action?" There seems to be some justice in Ripley's complaint that "In this case, as in other cases, the Government has used information furnished by a discharged employé, making no attempt to verify the charges or ask for an explanation, but proceeding to make the charges public in ex-parte public documents."

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

#### For the Good Lord's Intervention.

From all accounts the present is an exceedingly dull Congress. It usually is so with a national campaign a few months distant. The monotony of the session, however, seems to have been relieved last week by the ingenuity of the chaplain of the House of Representatives. Possibly also with an eye to the coming campaign Chaplain Couden addressed the Almighty in the following terms:

"Good Lord, deliver us, we beseech thee, from the jingo, the demagogue, the bigot and all other undesirable citizens, and give us instead, the patriot, the statesman, the broad-minded, generous, manly men, that thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven, for Christ's sake, amen."

Veracious Washington correspondents tell us that the most unusual incident of applauding the prayer of the chaplain then

occurred. "The chaplain barely had concluded when hand-clapping and laughter were heard from various directions."

Brushing aside the question of decorum in presenting to the Throne of Grace the prayer of the House of Representatives with an accompaniment of hand-clapping and laughter, one is tempted to examine the inspiration that prompted the chaplain in this behest. The chaplain evidently must have observed the presence around him of "the jingo, the demagogue, the bigot and all other undesirable citizens"; otherwise he would not have besought the good Lord that the House be delivered from them. But whence came the hand-clapping and the laughter? Surely not from "the patriot, the statesman, the broad-minded, generous manly man."

## By the Way

### Water Bonds.

I want to impress it upon the men who are handling the water bond issue that the best way to effect the sale of these securities is to reduce the denomination of the bonds. It is all very well to say that \$1000 shall be the lowest denomination; but what does that concern the working man or woman who has \$100 or \$200 or \$300 to invest? It merely bars these people from adding their mites to the water board's funds. The daily papers have it that this is to be a "popular" subscription. The best way to make it a "popular" subscription is to make the bonds of such denomination that any person who has thrifty habits can subscribe.

### Franchise Trouble.

If the city council sells that part of the San Pedro street franchise south of Thirtieth street next Monday—the South Park franchise—there is going to be trouble. The supreme court having decided adversely to the Los Angeles Railway Company in the litigation that was undertaken in behalf of the city, the city attorney holds that the entire San Pedro street franchise is forfeited; the railroad holds that only that part of the franchise not utilized within the specified time was forfeited and can be resold. I am told that a stand is to be made right here by the forces that are behind Mr. Hewitt and that elected him to office. This being true, a big battle is in sight.

### Deserve Indictment.

Every city official who is directly or indirectly responsible for the continuance of the frightful sanitary conditions at the city jail richly deserves indictment. The city councilmen who are vacillating about a new jail site are included in this denunciation; the city councilmen who held up the workhouse project should be compelled to spend several nights in the city jail. The city of Los Angeles is subjecting men, whose "crime" it is that they are without money and without work, to incarceration in a jail that a decent self-respecting hog would decline to use as a sty. The charge against these penniless, workless men is "vagrancy." They have no pull; no influential friends to help them from the city's black hole. As I said, the offending city officials should be compelled to spend several nights

in that jail. Their sense to their common duties to humanity can be sharpened in this manner to excellent advantage

### "Get Out of the Way."

I have a friend who is afflicted with the desire to be seen in company with great men, or to be photographed in striking situations. Smithson—his name isn't Smithson, but that will do for the present—would give his eyes to be seen talking with President Roosevelt or King Edward; he is the sort that has its photograph taken with Mt. Vernon or Niagara Falls or the Washington monument as a background. Well, one of Smithson's most cherished possessions is a photograph snapped by a newspaper camera man on the occasion of Roosevelt's visit to Los Angeles. The photograph shows Roosevelt's carriage and the redoubtable Smithson in close juxtaposition. Smithson showed it to me one day. "I had a talk with the President that day," he said, while his face glowed with honest pride. "The President spoke to me, and I spoke to him." "Indeed," I replied, "and what did the President say to you?" "He told me," said Smithson, "to get out of the way of the carriage; that I might get hurt."

### A Parallel.

Now I hadn't thought of this thing for lo, these many months, when it was brought to mind by the "Express." The other evening the "Express" published, first page, with large headlines and all the trimmings, an article saying that Secretary Taft had acknowledged the indorsement of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. Then the "Express" added, on its own hook, of course, that "The Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League of California is in close touch with Mr. Taft, and he is thoroughly advised of the situation in this State. Mr. Taft's letter is as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington,  
January 23, 1908.

My Dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 18th of January, enclosing a clipping from the Los Angeles "Express" of January 16th, showing the action taken by the County Central Committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican Clubs, and to thank you and your executive committee for your kindly expressions.

(Signed) WM. H. TAFT.

M. Lissner, Esq.,  
Lissner Building,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

### Letters.

To those not in the know, this sounds convincing. As a matter of fact, I can go into my own precinct and organize a club—consisting of myself and another chap. I can call it the "Washington-Roosevelt Club." I can elect myself president, and the other man secretary, or vice-versa. We can spend \$1.50 in printing and notify Secretary Taft or Governor Hughes or Vice-President Fairbanks that the "Washington-Roosevelt Club" has endorsed him, and we will get a letter, couched in about the same terms. These things are just the "small change" of politics.

### Lincoln-Roosevelts.

Once in a while I have written something about the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. Most of its announced aims are such that the mass of the people can say "amen." But what the Lincoln-Roosevelts most need is leadership. Their natural leader is Tom Hughes, but unfortunately for the league and for Tom Hughes, too, his health is not such that he can undertake the task. The Hughes-Bulla contingent is the natural focus for this sentiment to crystallize around. But the way things are going there are about forty self-constituted leaders who are making a mess of things, and one newspaper, the "Express," which by its frothings on temperance, Sunday closing and such things, is driving into the opposition men who would be indifferent and possibly might affiliate with the "Lincoln-Roosevelts." The impression is getting abroad in the land that the "long-hairs" are running the Lincoln-Roosevelts. This is unfortunate, but that the impression exists—created by the "Express"—is true. The league needs a leader who can squelch the people who come loaded with isms and ologies and doxies. It needs a man who can make E. T. Earl shut his mouth; it needs a leader with knowledge of political tactics. Tom Hughes is that man—but Tom Hughes cannot get into the harness.

### Heney versus Otis.

Not having the personal confidence of General Otis—my name is on his black book, I am informed and believe—I am unable to vouch for the story which follows. Inasmuch as it bears all the earmarks of



truth I will publish it for what it is worth.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Heney spoke at Simpson's Auditorium, he promised to return to Los Angeles some day and land "the General" in jail. Now I am told that immediately after this threat was uttered General Otis reached the ear of President. The President wanted to learn from Mr. Heney the nature of the charges which would bring the gray hairs of "the General" in sorrow to the jail. Mr. Heney, I am told, informed the President that he had nothing "on" "the General"; that his talk in Simpson's Auditorium to that effect was just a bit of "bluff." Whereupon, my informant says, the President told Mr. Heney that he didn't want a campaign of "bluff" in California. What he wanted was facts. It will be noticed that Mr. Heney has not landed "the General" into jail, as yet. My own private opinion is that he never will. For a good many years as bright people as Mr. Francis J. Heney have tried to get something "on" General Otis and they have failed. "The General" appears to be proof against that particular brand of attack. Now if what I have here related is not true in any detail, or as a whole, "the General" and Mr. Heney are at liberty to use the columns of the "Graphic."

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First-class service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

#### Telephone Rates.

When the city council reaches the subject of telephone rates for the coming year—the subject comes up for settlement a week from Monday—representatives of both of the companies will be on hand to ask for an increase in rates. These representatives will be prepared with figures showing that the Pacific States (Sunset) Company lost about \$50,000 on its Los Angeles business during the past year. The Home Company's officers will be prepared to show that unless there is an increase for them, extensions and improvements must be curtailed, and expenses must be reduced in every department in an endeavor to create a fund for replacing equipment as it becomes worn out or obsolete.

#### Service Excellent.

Los Angeles is proud of its telephone service. The efficiency of both companies is maintained at a standard far higher than in most American cities. Competition has spurred the officials of both companies to secure the latest and best. Visitors always remark the superiority of the telephone service, and there is not a telephone journal in existence but constantly refers to the Home Company of Los Angeles as a model in equipment and service.

#### Finances.

Recently I examined the annual statement of the Home Company, filed with the city authorities, to learn what reason exists for the request of the company for a higher rate. The income of the company for the year ending December 31 was:

City business .....\$712,940.98  
City business over long dist. 16,185.83

Total .....\$729,126.81



ADELA VERNE

Who is the Sensational Pianist of the Year in Los Angeles.

Against this income are the following charges:

Operation and expenses....\$159,606.81  
Supervision and expenses.. 60,969.01  
Salaries, printing and general expenses ..... 77,058.28  
Taxes and licenses ..... 48,233.50  
Maintenance ..... 207,300.00  
Insurance ..... 9,725.12

Total operation .....\$562,892.72

The plant of the company, including franchises, on which it has paid taxes, is valued at \$5,559,830. The plant today cannot be replaced for its original cost—the value of its land, buildings, wire, poles and other paraphernalia being greater than at the installation of the system. Against this valuation the company has in dividend paying securities:

Bonds .....\$4,000,000  
Preferred stock ..... 2,695,000

Total .....\$6,695,000

The bonds pay five per cent. or \$200,000 a year. The preferred stock pays five per cent. or \$134,750. There must be placed in the sinking fund against the bonds \$80,000 per year. The total fixed charges against the company are thus:

Bond interest .....\$200,000  
Dividends ..... 134,750  
Sinking fund ..... 80,000

Total .....\$414,750

#### Arithmetic.

Arithmetic is easy. With the running expenses, \$562,892.72, and with the fixed charges, \$414,750, the company must raise \$977,642.72 to meet its outgo. The receipts were \$729,176.81. There has not been included in the expenditures of the company the moneys devoted to permanent improvements. In point of fact the company expended \$671,999.13 in this manner, the money being derived from bond sales.

#### A Condition.

Any man who knows that the receipts of any concern are \$729,126 and its expenditures are \$977,642 will readily understand that one of two things must happen. Either there must be a curtailment in outgo, or an increase in revenue, or something else will happen. Under decisions by the courts a public service corporation is entitled to a reasonable return for the money it has invested in its enterprise. The Home Company now has a case in the Supreme Court of the United States covering this point, but in the meantime it needs more revenue and will ask the council to provide the means. The necessity for a raise is apparent from the figures I have shown.

#### Anomalous.

It certainly is an anomalous condition of affairs when a telephone company that trans-



acts eighty per cent of the local business of Los Angeles is at least not on an equality in respect to rates with a company that transacts twenty per cent of the business. The residence rate of the Home Company is \$2.00 per month; that of the Sunset for precisely the same service \$3.00 per month. On trunk lines the Sunset gets more. Not only this, but the Home Company pays two per cent. of its gross receipts into the treasury, provides poles for various city wires and gives free service to various public offices. If the Sunset is losing \$50,000 a year, as claimed by the company, the losses of the Home must be greater, in proportion.

#### Replacement.

It will be noticed that the statement of the company makes allowances for maintenance, but none for replacement. Some time ago, in Chicago, a commission was appointed to figure on the cost of constructing a system like that of the Chicago Telephone Company. The commission placed the total cost at \$14,531,400, and allowed for an annual replacement charge of \$1,167,700 or a trifle over eight per cent. The Chicago Telephone Company, from actual experience, placed this charge at 10.9 per cent. The Home Company is making no allowance at present for this inevitable expense. For instance, the switchboards of the plant, it is estimated, will with careful management last for five years more, having been used five years. In five years, therefore, property which represents an initial expense of \$500,000 will be so much junk. With the present rates it is impossible to prepare for this certain item of expense. This is only an instance, but it is sufficient to show the lay of the land.

#### No Fanfare of Trumpets.

I am told that the two companies propose to go to the council with plain statements of facts and ask for the increase as a matter of justice; that the Sunset will express its unwillingness to lose \$50,000 outright for the "pleasure" of doing business in this city; that the Home will give ample arguments showing why it should be given a rate as high as the Sunset. There will be no bluster, no heated arguments; just facts and figures for the consumption of the council. The companies, I am told, want the subject probed to the bottom. If the subject

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is handled in this manner and if all sides are fairly presented, without any influences pro or con to befog the issue, then a correct solution can be attained after a thorough study of the question.

#### Investments.

I am free to say that I am among those who do not look with favor on anything that savors of unfairness to telephone users; at the same time I believe that investors in public service corporations are entitled to a square deal and a fair return for their money. Los Angeles capitalists have embarked in this line of business with the utmost freedom; in telephone companies alone Los Angeles men control the Home Company, and have something like \$7,000,000 invested in San Francisco, Portland and the Puget Sound cities. This has been brought about because Los Angeles men have created what is commonly regarded as the model telephone system of the United States.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

#### Chaffee for President.

Stranger things have happened in the political history of the United States than would be the nomination of General Adna R. Chaffee by the Democrats for the Presidency. The Democratic party in its search for a standard bearer could scarcely find a more available man. General Chaffee has an army record second to that of no living man, and his selection would solve many of the tangled problems confronting the party. At all events Mr. S. T. Clover, of the Evening "News," has started a political ball to rolling that will be heard from the country over.

#### Precedents.

Precedents without limit can be urged for the choice of General Chaffee—the army has provided many candidates and several presidents. Not to mention George Washington's candidacy, not the least of the arguments favoring James Monroe was his honorable service as a Revolutionary soldier. The battle of New Orleans and the southwestern Indian wars elected Andrew Jackson. The first Harrison—William Henry Harrison—was elected on account of the battle of Tippecanoe. Zachary Taylor was a straight cut army man—as much so as General Chaffee. Franklin Pierce served in the Mexican war, and he defeated a much better soldier and more famous man, Winfield Scott. Grant was taken from the army. Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt had all seen service. The Democratic candidate in 1864, McClellan, and in 1880, Hancock, were army men. I have no means of knowing how General Chaffee will take this suggestion, but it certainly seems that something is wrong when a man as active, as sturdy and physically as young as he is, is retired.

#### Busch Declines.

No one was surprised when Adolphus Busch, of the Anheuser Busch Brewing Company, declined to go before a gathering of prohibitionists and tell why he is not one

of them. Mr. Busch is in California to rest—not to butt up against a stone wall. Nothing that he could say would convince an audience of prohibitionists, and nothing that they could say would have convinced him. Mr. Busch stands for local option, strict regulation and the elimination of dead falls and dives. So does every other thinking man who is not blinded by prejudice. What could be gained by his addressing the other people?

#### W. Scott (Windy) Smith.

My friend W. Scott (Windy) Smith has come to the surface again, this time in Pittsburgh. W. Scott Smith figures this time as vice-president and general manager of the Pacific Coast Travel Association, which the telegrams have it, "is to be national in its scope," and will be affiliated with chambers of commerce, boards of trade and similar organizations. It is also stated that the organization "plans to bring the resources of the Coast States before the people of the more densely populated section." Smith is in his true element in that sort of a deal. He will make the Pittsburghers think that oranges grow on squash vines; that all cacti are spineless, and all desert lands are gardens. Smith is a veritable babel of gab—the only question that arises in my mind is whether a gas bag like him will not do questionable harm to the State.

#### From Missouri.

The editorial department of the "Express" has been undergoing a revolution, three or four of the tried employees of the paper have been let out, and cheaper men installed. I am told that the hiring authority of the local room is lately from Kansas City or thereabouts, and that the city editor's department looks like the annex of the Missouri Society. Most of the men let out have been writing optimistic articles about the business situation for Brother Earl; theoretically this may be all right, but practically their optimism has ended in their own decapitation.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.



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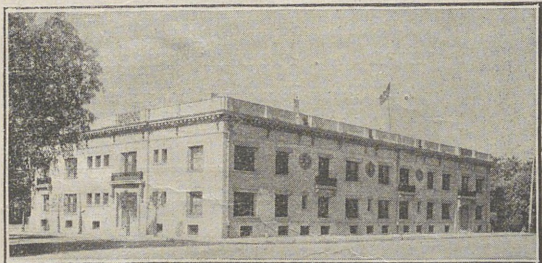


**"Fine Writing."**

An erudite contemporary recently criticized the "fine writing" of Richard Barry, author of "A Monster Heroism," and at present special correspondent for the Hearst news service with the Pacific fleet. The critic threw stones at such Barryan expressions as "steams sedately" and "moves with the ominous mechanism of fate." But Barry's literary crimes in grandiloquence are innocent enough when laid alongside of those of other Hearst star writers. The Hearst papers are supposed to be made for the edification of the multitude. I cannot help wondering what intelligence the multitude gleaned from Langdon Smith's flights of rhetoric in describing the closing days of the Thaw trial. Assuredly Mr. Langdon Smith cannot be construed, even by a high school girl graduate, without the aid of a classical dictionary, and, indeed, I doubt if Mr. Smith could translate himself. Listen to this glorification of Martin Littleton's address to the jury and prostrate yourselves, ye Hearst readers, before Mr. Langdon Smith's mystifying learning: "Seldom did he pause for breath, rarely did he hesitate for facts. He had the patience of a micrograph. He went into the testimony with infinite care and detail. He Hippocratized and Pindarized. He thundered and inveighed. Starting from the root of things, he was soon singing like a muezzin from the tree tops." And Mr. Langdon Smith had assured his readers of Evelyn Nesbitt Thaw: "She alone knew whether or not they were gymnastics of untruth or whether the hot metal on the anvil, so prodigiously hammered by Littleton, was pure gold." To be at once a micrograph, an Hippocrates, a Pindar and a muezzin must, indeed, have required "prodigious hammering" on the part of Martin Littleton. And how Langdon Smith's typewriter must ache!

**Policy.**

William Randolph Hearst's San Francisco "Examiner" has recently joined the "Call" in frequent efforts to "knock" Los Angeles.



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It is too bad, that the Los Angeles "Examiner" did not reproduce a cartoon published in the San Francisco "Examiner" January 30. The cartoonist, Chopin, represents Los Angeles as a miserable, half-starved fury of a female, holding in her right hand a little toy building labeled "Local jails," while with her left she clings to an enormous, snickering brute, marked "Criminal element." The caption of the cartoon is "It is to Laugh!" and beneath it is the news item, "The Los Angeles jails are inadequate to accommodate all law-breakers." In Los Angeles William Randolph Hearst poses as her defender and champion; in San Francisco he is her enemy and back-biter. Here is the cartoon.

PAID BY SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

**"IT IS TO LAUGH"**



The Los Angeles jails are inadequate to accommodate all law-breakers.—News Item.

**Japanese Costumes.**

I have the pleasure of publishing the enclosed letter from Mr. William L. Schwartz regarding the production of "Madame Butterfly." Mr. Schwartz lived in Japan for thirteen years and is thoroughly conversant with Japanese character and with the customs and habits of the people. Naturally he makes a protest against the idealism and altogether false notions of Japan and the Japanese which dominate the staging of "Madame Butterfly." His letter is worth reading, although everyone who knows the methods of Savage, Belasco and that type of managers appreciates the liberties they take.

To the Editor of the "Graphic:"

Have you room in your columns for this little howl of protest? I protest "in the name of God, Mozart and Beethoven" against Puccini being called a disciple of Wagner! I grant that his score to "Madame Butterfly" is true in its orchestration to the ideals of Wagner, but let me quote from the master a paragraph on libretti. "I considered that the mythos, or myth, is the ideal subject for the poet. For in it the conventional disappears, such human relationships as are only comprehensible to the abstract reason vanish, and there ap-

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pears instead only the always intelligible and purely human." A more conventional treatment of a Japanese theme than that of John Luther Long's would be hard to find; the whole story is impossible, and ought to take place in some fabulous country; further were the story truer it would be still harder to understand, and we must grant that Puccini ignores Wagner's greatest message in choosing "Madame Butterfly" as a theme for musical treatment.

Now "Madame Butterfly" is supposedly realistic, witness the phrase "Whisky" that punctuates Pinkerton's solos. Let us judge the scenery, costumes, and dialogue of the play by the standard of that "Whisky." "Butterfly," or "Cho-cho," is not even a woman's name. Long took the English phrase, "a butterfly life," and applied it to a Japanese geisha. And why should the anachronism in men's hair dressing—for queues are not worn where whisky flows—be permitted where the woman's hair is in a style not Japanese at all. Also "Costumes by Mme. Herrman, from designs by Louis Neydard of Paris!" Not one prima-donna has a Japanese dressing maid. Had Savage gotten his costumes from Japan he could have saved enough to employ Japanese valets for the whole company, for the press agents write "costumes costing from \$500 to \$2000." Why candle lamps? Kerosene oil flows just as freely as whisky in Japan. And the awful flutterings of "Madame" (why not "Mme. Pinkerton") "Butterfly" and Goro! Don't they know that the Japanese are dignity itself, and that Okinawa Prefecture is known as "The Land that Observes Propriety"? And all the kimonos were shaped into décolleté gowns, a thing Japanese consider indecent. Enough. Evidently nothing was done to correct the costumes, every one of which was wrong, no member of the cast excepted. The kimonos were crossed as ladies' coats button, not as men's, a slight difference meaning in things Japanese the change from ordinary attire to grave clothes. Too much whisky!

All this points the moral that we Americans "can not understand the Japanese" very largely because we attribute to them actions and qualities which they do not have. Further, I expect that Savage would lose money did he stage "Madame Butterfly" in a realistic manner, and not in a way that would satisfy the pre-conceived notions of the audience. Fortunately Los Angeles people, being on the Pacific Slope, are better informed, and are rightly a more severely critical body of people than the public of New York, London and Paris. After all, this lying and stage deceit must really cease some time. Take the flower duet, act two; now the first rule of Japanese housekeeping is "keep the mats clean." They even take off their shoes outside the house. Strew cherry blossoms on the floor and you have a pretty mess. It was a pretty mess, sung as it was—it was beautiful, and my only regret is that such superficial work as that of Long and Belasco will gain long life from the splendid music of Puccini.

W. L. SCHWARTZ.

**Moving Again.**

From all appearances E. T. Earl, the "Express," the Rev. Dr. Chapman and their clerical allies have decided to embark upon another anti-liquor campaign. It does not matter, of course, that the people of Los Angeles by a vote of approximately two to one decided to continue the license system on its present basis. The city is to be put to the expense of conducting a special campaign at the behest of these agitators. It may as well be understood that prohibition is an impossibility in a large city. If the liquor trade were so unwise as to attempt to extend the present saloon zone, there might be some reason for the agitation fostered by the "Express," but there is no such agitation on the part of the liquor trade, and no movement whatever on the part of the everyday, conservative citizen to disturb existing conditions. Even Mr. Earl and Dr. Chapman would be convinced were they to visit every city in the United States with more than 200,000 people, that the liquor trade is better regulated, in better hands and in better condition generally than in any large city in

America. This being true, what is the use of a fresh campaign and costly election that can only end in the defeat of the agitators?

**Dishman.**

Sheriff Hammel made a wise step in appointing E. F. Dishman to the deputyship vacated by Calvin Hartwell when Mr. Hartwell became coroner. Mr. Dishman was night police reporter on the "Times" for several years prior to becoming assistant city editor, and his love for police work was such that once when I dubbed him "Detective Dishman" he was not at all displeased with the title. Dishman has good brains and horse sense, and he is a stranger to fear, a combination that usually makes a good police officer when the bent of the mind is in that direction.

**Stevenson Barred.**

My good friends of the Ellis Club have voted to bar from their next program a musical setting of the poem of Robert Louis Stevenson, which begins:

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,  
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum."

The poem of the immortal Robert Louis Stevenson is too strong for an Ellis Club audience, at least, the Ellis Club thinks so. It is to laugh.

**"Three Weeks."**

"Three Weeks" has been barred from the Public Library, and the dailies have duly advertised this fact; "Three Weeks" has been refused transmission through the mails

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and the dailies have advertised it. Consequently "Three Weeks" has been advanced to the dignity of a best seller. No; I have not read "Three Weeks." Life is too short to spend time wading through that brand of literature. Abler pens than those of Elinor Glyn have explored every possible field of pruriency, and when a new book of this character is sprung on the public my first inquiry is, "What's the use?" A friend, in whose judgment I have confidence, writes something to me about "Three Weeks," and his communication satisfies me. He says: "On the face of it, the vulgarity, obscenity and filth of "Three Weeks" were introduced with malice aforethought, and with an authorine's practical eye fixed on their 'best selling' possibilities. The unsuspecting and unpaid advertisers of the book have, by their actions, put the publicity powers of the three-sheet poster to shame. As an instance of the introduction of the book into circles, wherein otherwise it would have luckily remained unknown, may be cited the case of young girls whose weekly pin-moneys would not permit the book's purchase, but who on the mutual subscription plan not only buy the book, but do a thriving loan-library business among friends on the ten-cents-a-reading basis."

#### Recovering.

California is always the last state in the Union to feel a financial flurry that originates in the east and is always the last state to recover from its effects. This was brought home effectively to me this week in talking with an industrial operator who has just returned from New York. "We scarcely get the true inwardness of things in New York," said he, "from the daily papers. In

point of fact New York is forgetting the flurry. You do not hear people discussing it except as a means to say harsh and bitter things about Roosevelt. The New York banks have more money on hand today than in years past; this money is cheaper than ever. If you will look at any newspaper you will see that call money is one and three-fourths and two per cent. New Yorkers spend their time in damning Roosevelt, not in wailing over the price of what they are pleased to call 'securities'. And New York still believes that it controls the sentiments and politics of the eighty million people who do not live in the big city."

#### A Contrast.

With New York bankers plethoric with money, look at the local situation. Bankers are calling their loans, and interest rates are higher than ever. From all indications it will be April before there is any considerable easing off. By that time people will know whether the savings banks will be called upon to pay any considerable portion of the money for which depositors have given notice. If history is any criterion the savings banks will not have to pay much of this. At any rate, they will be prepared to pay. If the depositors do not call for it, the money will be to lend; if the depositors do call, the money will still be to lend, though not by the banks.

#### Not Much to Pay.

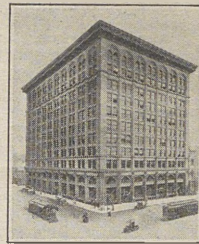
As stated in the preceding paragraph, the chances are that the savings banks will not be required to pay their depositors any considerable proportion of the money called for. Even with money in sharp demand, as it now is, not twenty-five per cent of the money for which notices are maturing is being called for by the depositors. In other words, people have recovered their senses, and are not frightened. Two savings banks that could be named have actually increased their deposits in January, something which no one expected or believed possible. So the chances are that the savings banks will have plenty of money to lend in April and May when many of their notices mature. Already loans are being made by one or two savings banks.

#### A Warning Toot-Toot!

Before the automobile extravagance further devastates the wisdom and the treasury of the city fathers, I wish once more to call attention to San Francisco's "horrible example." Last week the San Francisco Board of Supervisors allowed \$710.95 for repairs on the automobiles enjoyed by the board, which had run into trouble and got the worst of it. The finance committee's automobile had also been "up against it," claim being presented to the Board of Supervisors for \$32.76 for damages done to a merchant's plate-glass window. Municipal automobiles eat up money in every direction.

#### Mission of B. Fay Mills.

Benjamin Fay Mills, founder of the Los Angeles Fellowship, has commenced his tour of the world to propagate his new gospel—a "new principle of intellectual, moral and spiritual evolution." No "new thought" should be condemned or scorned as long as it is clean and uplifting, and I have not any intention of casting slurs either on B. Fay Mills or his mission. In explaining the



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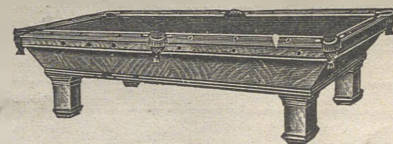
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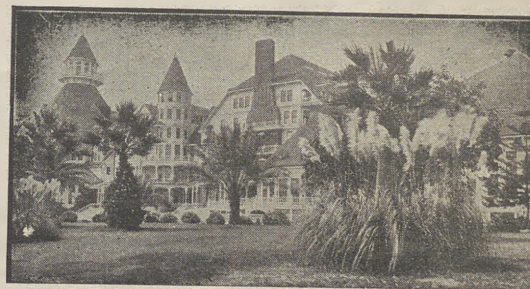
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change of his religious beliefs Mr. Mills says: "The foundation facts and fundamental doctrines of the Christian, or rather the Pauline, theology never appealed to my best conscience and intelligence." If this be so, why did Mr. Mills ever preach them?

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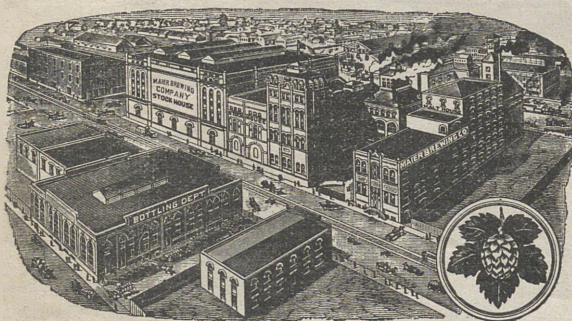
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It is an unfortunate predication for those who now sit at the feet of Mills. He is liberal enough to declare that "so far as the old doctrines emphasize righteousness and spiritual consciousness, I still believe in them." But Mr. Mills states his conviction that "mine is another call than to build the sepulchres of the dead prophets. There are enough to do that. I mean henceforth to let the dead bury their dead, while I stand for nobler conceptions of God, creating a new humanity in a new world." As long as Mr. Mills is now satisfying his "best conscience and intelligence," let no one complain.

### To "Humanity."

A correspondent signing himself "Humanity" addresses a long and virulent tirade to the "Graphic," denouncing a popular clergyman and comparing his methods with those of the Salvation Army. "Humanity" asks if "Christ would ride around in a four thousand-dollar automobile when there are so many people in need of food?" Our correspondent forgets that Christ rode upon an ass, while other people walked, because the ass was the best mode of transportation in those days and helped Him in His mission. The minister of the gospel, whose motor car has aroused "Humanity's" wrath and indignation, doubtless can see very many more people each day by using an automobile than if he walked. And since this minister dispenses sympathy and sunshine wherever he goes, it seems to me that the more ground he can cover the better. "Humanity" will not help his fellowmen by stirring up passions against ministers because they ride in automobiles, and instead of speculating as to Christ's transportation in the twentieth century would do better to recall His counsel, "Judge not that ye be not judged."

### "Boss" Spreckels.

Lincoln Steffens, the panegyrist of the San Francisco "graft prosecution," throws some illuminating side-lights on the character of Rudolph Spreckels in the current number of the "American Magazine." While the article on the "autocrat and aristocrat" of the prosecution is designed to be a mighty tribute, it confirms the prevalent impression that Mr. Spreckels is the head and front of the prosecution, and that the district attorney's office has been absolutely dominated by this private citizen. Mr. Steffens tells his readers that "Mr. Spreckels lets Heney issue the statements of the prosecution to the public," and furthermore that he "sees that Heney rarely fails to get a response from his juries and from 'the masses' generally." Rudolph Spreckels, according to Steffens, must have his own way or none at all. "He will be boss. He thinks not, of course. He hates the word. We all do. . . . But the boss he is, and the boss he must be." What a patriotic citizen Mr. Spreckels had been before his private interests and plans of revenge plunged him into public life is shown by his biographer's testimony: "He, too, despises politics; he told me he had never voted in his life." Mr. Spreckels's usurpation of the pardoning power of the State and his control of the district attorney's office account for many strange things that have been done in San Francisco in the name of justice, forcing even Lincoln Steffens to confess that "his (Rudolph Spreckels's) scheme, like the whole idea of the

graft prosecution, is extra-legal and unsafe." Rabbi Nieto's disclosures have revealed some of the "extra-legality" and the "unsafeness" of the Spreckels scheme in an astounding way. The rabbi's statement concerning the midnight conference to which judges of the Superior Court were summoned by Spreckels's private detective proves that these judges agreed in advance to do the bidding of Spreckels' district attorney. The links in the Spreckels chain are plain enough. Mr. Spreckels controlled District Attorney Langdon; he secured the appointment of Mr. Heney; and the judges agreed in advance to follow Mr. Heney's dictation. By this method Mr. Spreckels placed himself in control of the district attorney's office, of the judges, and, through the appointment of an elisor, of Ruef, an essential witness, if the Spreckels plans were to be carried out. Truly "the boss he is, and the boss he must be," however "extra-legal" and "unsafe."

The Curtis Silk Farms will soon move their silk worm cocoonery from the temporary quarters, corner Buena Vista street and Solano avenue, Los Angeles, to their farm in the San Gabriel Valley. Further cultures will be made on the farm, where they have a thrifty mulberry grove to furnish fodder for the ravenous army of silk spinners.

### Is Silent Now.

Judge Dunne of the Superior Court of San Francisco exploded with wrath, scorn and shameful insinuation when the District Court of Appeals found innumerable errors in his trial of the Schmitz case. Many half-informed and blindly prejudiced newspapers extolled Judge Dunne for his bold arraignment of the higher court. Judge Dunne now remains silent under the extraordinary charge laid to his door by Rabbi Nieto, who has narrated in detail the summoning of the Judge by a private detective to a midnight conference with Heney, at which it was arranged that Ruef should make a plea of guilty, Judge Dunne agreeing to set it aside on motion of the prosecution and to dismiss the indictment. The infamous bargain was ratified by Judge Dunne at midnight, April 28, 1907, whereupon he proceeded to preside over the solemn farce of impaneling a jury for Ruef's trial. Judge Dunne remains silent under the revelation that, with full knowledge of the contract for Ruef's complete immunity, he obstinately prevented such cross-examination of Ruef in the Schmitz case as would have brought the truth to light. Can the most ardent supporters of the Spreckels prosecution pretend that Judge Dunne is any longer a fit or proper person to preside over any of these cases—indeed, over any case at all?

### Racing Popular.

Any idea in the public mind that racing is growing unpopular would have been disproved had one seen the enormous crowd present on Saturday last at Santa Anita Park to witness the running of the California Handicap. This was a race worth going miles to see—a race in which were entered thoroughbreds, which were truly thoroughbreds—race horses such as Montgomery, Rifleman, Clamor and First Peep. Every horse entered was actually "trying" for the rich purse of \$7,500. This class of racing



and horses is what makes racing popular, and were such races more frequent here in the West it would be but a very short time until the sport would attract an entirely different class of patrons than who now attend.

#### Next Season.

A prominent racing official is my authority for saying that by another winter racing season there will be shipped to the coast a large percentage of the thoroughbred stake horses famous on the big Eastern race tracks. It is becoming more and more apparent to horsemen that the racing of thoroughbreds on the coast has the tendency better to "fit" them for a hard summer campaign on the Eastern courses. It has been proved that the shipping of the horses in the latest improved cars affects them little, if any, and the substantial purses offered by the officials is an incentive to ship a "string" to the coast tracks. Owners not only more than make stable expenses, but keep their horses in good racing condition.

#### Turf Betterment.

Racing officials are beginning to see the necessity of adopting and enforcing more rigid turf rules—particularly, applying to that class of owners who race their stables of horses "in" and "out", that is, race a horse to win when the "price" suits them. Riding "instructions" given to a jockey in the paddock stall just before a race is one of the worst things affecting racing. The public that wagers its money many times sees a heavily backed horse miserably handled by the jockey under "instructions," losing the race, then, again, the next time out possibly breeze home under "wraps." Of course, in some cases, bad racing luck is excusable, but too close watch can not be kept. The officials at Santa Anita have "borne down" on some stables already this season and warned owner and horses away from the track, while others are being closely watched every time they start, as the utmost vigilance is used to detect the "in" and "out" racers. Some radical steps must be taken to elevate the racing game and place it on a better footing. The establishment of a breeding bureau is one step in the right direction.

Professor Stark, the famous maestro of Levy's café, at the request of a large number of admirers of a high order of music, has consented to set apart one hour each evening (from 9:45 to 10:45) for the discourse of classical selections; and already the Professor has practiced with his twelve soloists some of the most renowned compositions from Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Bellini, Wagner, and other monarchs of heavenly melody, and will each evening present a number of their masterpieces. To be sure the usual offerings of national airs, opera bouffe and comic opera overtures, dainty bits from old-time favorites and the newest popular melodies of the present day, will not be crowded out; but from 9:45 to 10:45 the ardent admirer of the highest standard of sounds may loiter into Levy's *salle manger* and refresh himself or not with a glass of beer and listen to a classical concert for nothing by an orchestra of twelve soloists led by the incomparable Ferdinand Stark, the most brilliant violinist in California.

#### University Course.

Owing to the fact that suitable material for a lecture season could only be obtained on the coast after the holidays, Mr. Behymer has deferred his announcement for special educational events of the New University Course until this time of the year. Lowell University brought to the United States this season one of the greatest living philosophers of Europe, Professor Wincenty Lutoslawski, of the University of Cracow, Poland, a man who has attracted attention among the highest class of scholars and thinkers in Boston and Cambridge, and other Universities in this country. The course of lectures delivered before the Lowell institution were on the Polish nation and its struggle for freedom. In the series of eight lectures, which will constitute the New University Course this season, Professor Lutoslawski will deliver three; the first one on Tuesday evening, February 18, at Simpson's Auditorium; subject, "The Polish Nation, its Past, Present and Probable Future." His second subject, one week later, will be of great interest at the present time—"The Russian Crisis, and What Has Brought it About." The third subject discussed by this distinguished scholar is one of vast importance to every American—"The Imminent and Inevitable European war." A fourth lecture in this course will be a study of American problems, by Dr. Thomas E. Green, one of the foremost ministers of the Episcopal Churches of the West and a leader in civic reform, whose subject, "Civic Bacteriology," is attracting the attention of thinkers all over this country toward civic reformation. Three lectures in this series will be given by Professor B. R. Baumgardt, profusely illustrated with photographic slides taken in Europe. One lecture is given in conjunction with the first three of the course, and is entitled "Russia and Poland." A second subject will be an immediate research on "Pompeii, the Buried City," and the third, one of intense interest, "Modern London." The closing lecture of this series will be one of great interest to the people of the Pacific slope, owing to the advent of the great Evans fleet in Pacific waters—a lecture by Captain Richmond P. Hobson, "Our American Navy, its Past, Present and Future, as Compared with Other Navies of the World," a fitting finale to this great series of educational talks. Popular prices will prevail.

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## Deborah's Diary

### IN THE WALTZ.

(Author Unknown.)

At last in my arms I held my queen,  
As, whirling and circling to and fro,  
We heard, as we treaded the waltzers' between,  
The glorious music ebb and flow.

## An Important Change

The Los Angeles Furniture Co., now under the management and presidency of Mr. Chas. E. Fredericks, for twenty-five years president and manager for Jos. Fredericks & Co., San Francisco, wishes to announce that a long lease has been secured on its present location, and that the business will be conducted on a larger and more aggressive basis than ever before.

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CHESTER W. KELLY, Special Representative  
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I could feel her heart, like a bird imprisoned,  
Against my breast through her corsage beat,  
As I held her close in the waltz and listened  
To the maddening music and pattering feet.

As we whirled and circled about the room,  
My senses swooned with the joy and bliss;  
My soul seemed drunk with her breath's perfume,  
And I pressed on a vagrant tress a kiss.

I saw a flash in my rival's eye  
As I kissed the tress as it fanned my cheek,  
And I said to myself, as I heard her sigh,  
"Now or never—this moment speak."

I bent my head till it touched the glory  
Of golden hair that crowned her head,  
And there in the waltz I told the story  
That yet shall be new when the world is dead.

There in the waltz I won my treasure,  
Full in the ball-room's glare and heat,  
Whirling swift through the waltz's measure,  
Keeping time to the music's beat.

As I looked in her eyes, brimming o'er like a river,  
I clasped her close, for I knew I had won;  
And then with a blare and a crash and shiver,  
The music ended—the waltz was done.

One of the best sermons I ever heard in my life was delivered at Vespers at the Cathedral some years ago. The preacher was the late Archbishop Montgomery; his text I have forgotten; his subject was "Mixed Marriages." There is a notion abroad in the Protestant world that the Catholic Church is particularly desirous that such marriages be made, the children becoming Catholic. Archbishop Montgomery vehemently held the contrary. He said that while such marriages under certain conditions are permissible, they are not encouraged. And in his own eloquent and convincing fashion he urged on his hearers—nearly all Catholics—to weigh well their acts and the possible consequences before entering into a mixed marriage—a marriage with a Protestant. I read another sermon like the Archbishop's in the court columns of the "Times" last Tuesday morning. Mrs. Catherine Swan, Catholic, and Joseph Swan, Baptist, were the participants in a habeas corpus case covering the possession of their son, George Swan. The recital of the court

### Tilton's Trolley Trips.

Proving most popular are the trolley trips inaugurated by Mr. George S. Tilton, an Eastern excursion manager of wide reputation. Mr. Tilton has perfected an arrangement with the Pacific Electric Railway whereby he runs daily special personally conducted trips—100 miles for \$1.00—an all-day trip, taking in the beaches—Long Beach, Alamitos Bay, Naples, Huntington Beach, (lunch at the Inlet Inn); thence returning towards the foothills through a portion of the famed San Gabriel Valley to Alhambra, the old San Gabriel Mission, Oak Knoll, Pasadena, Ostrich Farm; returning to the city about five o'clock, making one of the most interesting trips a tourist can take as all is to be seen on this trip that is well worth seeing. That Mr. Tilton is an astute excursion manager is proved by the increase in patronage since inaugurating this trip on January 27 requiring from three to four special cars daily to accommodate the throng of sightseers.

proceedings sounded like a fulfillment of Archbishop Montgomery's sermon.

On Saturday last a young man, accompanied by two ladies, blew into Levy's café straight from Chicago, and before consulting the menu asked the head waiter to connect him by phone with some flower store, saying that for the hour or two he had been in Los Angeles he had seen at least a hundred women with bouquets du corsage of violets, and that he wanted some for his two ladies who had never before seen such beautiful violets in the middle of winter. He was at once put on to a near-by floral emporium and in a hurry ordered six dollars' worth. And what was the hilarious surprise of the young tenderfoot and his two companions when the dealer made his appearance with sixty bunches of violets and the bill for \$6.00. But in the happiest manner the recipient selected two of the prettiest bunches and sent twelve others to Professor Stark and his soloists, who had just concluded the lovely flower song from Faust, and gave directions that the other forty bunches should be placed on the tables wherever there were ladies throughout the main dining-room. "Why," said the young fellow, "I have paid three dollars a bunch for violets on a winter's day in Chicago many a time, and about the same in London and Paris"—and there never was a trio more elated. And in order to impart a fragrant atmosphere all round Stark essayed two or three choice flower melodies and the head waiter saw to it that the waters in the finger bowls were literally spread with violets and that a boutonniere of the same modest member of the court of Flora had been artistically attached to the left lapel of the young gentleman's overcoat. It was truly a fragrant affair throughout.

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The program of the Friday Morning Club for February is as follows:

February 7th.—"The Past and Present of Tuberculosis," Dr. F. M. Pottenger, Dr. George H. Kress, Dr. Norman Bridge.

Feb. 14th.—"The Bible as Literature," Mrs. Garrett Newkirk. Valentine Luncheon.

Feb. 21st.—Reading: "The Sunken Bell" (Hauptmann), Mrs. Merrill Moore Grigg. Luncheon. Members may invite but one guest.

Feb. 28th.—Book Committee. William Dean Howells: As a Novelist, Mrs. George H. Wadleigh; As a Reformer, Mrs. James North; London Films, Miss E. C. McCollough.

Copper Kettle, 223 Mercantile Place.

The many admirers of Gwendolen Overton's pen, at home and abroad, will welcome its reappearance in print. Miss Overton has a fine short story in the last issue of "Collier's Weekly," adding another to her long list of vivid sketches of army life. It is called "Deborah, a Soldiers' Solution of the Mormon Problem." It is some six or seven years now since Miss Overton's first novel, "A Heritage of Unrest," attracted wide attention, and at once gave her a place among the foremost writers of fiction of the day. A most conscientious artist, Miss Overton refuses to succumb to the "pot boiling" temptations of this generation of publishers. Her literary output during the last two years has not been large, but "Deborah" proves that her skill is waxing, not waning. Miss Overton's story in "Collier's" is illustrated by another Californian, Maynard Dixon.

Afternoon tea at the Copper Kettle.

Miss Kate Hall has returned from Colorado, whither she went at the time of the death of her father at Trinidad. I am told that there is no doubt that Miss Hall, her mother and her sister will come into the estate of her father, although it was thought that the property might go to a relative in Maine. At any rate, there is small chance that Kate Hall will again be found in the ranks of newspaper workers. She has made some exceedingly judicious investments in Los Angeles property in the last five or six years, and there is no longer occasion for her entering the news field. But her brain is far too active to be content in idleness. I have a notion that she will embark in sketch and story writing, which is quite to her liking.

Tastiest things to eat at the Copper Kettle.

The Sing Fat Company, whose rare curios and fascinating Chinese and Japanese goods have been a feature of the Central Department store, have established a store of their own at 548-550 South Broadway. At their recent opening the new place was crowded with admirers of the rare porcelains, cloisonne, carved ivories and exquisite furnishings that go to make the place unique among its kind. The Sing Fat Company is in possession of the finest collection of Chinese and Japanese articles in the city, and their establishment should be of interest both to curio hunters and to women of the smart set who desire the "real thing" in kimono and gowns. The Los Angeles store is a branch of the San Francisco establishment, which has been known in San Francisco for many years. Visitors are always welcome.

# From Coronado

With two dances and a musicale last week Coronado society got back some of the gayety present during the visit of Admiral Swinburne's fleet. Wednesday's dance resurrected the anciently honorable Virginia reel. The age limit was waived, and young and old joined in the reel. Admiral Jewell, U.S.N., retired, who recently came from Washington to spend the winter at Coronado, led the dance with Mrs. W. T. Swinburne. The musicale the night after the dance was largely enjoyed by the three hundred guests now at the hotel. Claus Spreckels, Jr., sang two baritone solos of more than popular quality.

It has been announced by the management of the Coronado Country Club that the Santa Barbara polo team, which has not competed since the 1906 tournament, will be on hand in March to enter the lists for the John D. Spreckels cup. The army will again be represented by a team from the Fourteenth Cavalry, now at San Francisco. The personnel of the army team, it is said, will be entirely changed from that of last year. The addition of these two polo organizations will greatly strengthen the interest in the March polo tournaments. At present six California teams are entered, not counting where polo organizations will enter two teams.

Coronado's calendar of sports is now well under way. The open golf tournaments began last Monday with a large number of contestants. The golf competitions this year are interesting because of the presence of both of last year's champions, Merrill K. Waters of Vermont, winner of the open tournament for men, and Mrs. Herbert Munn of New York, winner of the corresponding tournament for women. The open tennis tournaments will commence about the middle of the month, when the three Sutton sisters, including the famous May Sutton, will be on hand. Two Berkeley girls, Miss Hazel Hochkiss and Miss Goldie Meyers, are also booked to compete.

Recent visitors from Los Angeles and vicinity at Hotel del Coronado are H. E. Pier-son, Jacob R. Wagner, Clarence S. Sevartz, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Valkenburg, Frank Deane Wilde, C. S. Bauck, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Tower, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Miller of Pasadena.

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## Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

There is a treat in store for you when you pay your first visit to Swobdi's gorgeous new millinery store at 749 South Broadway. The place itself is so artistic and beautifully arranged as to give one quite a new impression as to the meaning of the old-time "hat shop." This large, fragrant parlor, with its restful chairs and lounges, Turkish rugs, cozy corners and resting rooms, breathes a luxury and novelty of appointment hitherto unknown in Los Angeles. Hats there are, of course, but not spiked up on headless stands in hopeless masses of varied color and style. Nay, nay! They come in white and gold mirrored cabinets

that are fitting caskets for these imported creations that will adorn our beautiful women when the spring permits. Meanwhile, Miss Swobdi is in New York selecting with her usual taste all the very smartest pieces of imported millinery she can dispose of, and when on her return the opening day is announced, the automobiles won't do a thing but block the street in front of this famous rendezvous of the smart set.

At Blackstone's big store this week I was initiated into the latest fad of Dame Fashion, who pronounces it a necessity to be gowned this spring in Rajah silk, and in choice Rajah, of tan or golden shade, if you please. Blackstones have all the shades and makes of this attractive material to select from, beautiful shades of blue and natural colored textures, but to be correct this season, my child, is to be tan. Black and tan in New York is so very chic and smart that the "up-to-date" girl, in her short skirt and long black boots, drags after her a little black and tan dog to finish the costume. So Blackstones are giving us a lead in these new shades of tan Rajah silks, and they have a very fine selection of beautiful pieces, I can assure you. They supply everything but the dog, I'm told, and any attractive Los Angeles girl can find a puppy to chase after her, don't you think?

Myer Siegel's of 255 South Broadway, the home of women and children's wear, is just making an opening display of their spring lingerie and fancy waists this week. Dear girl, these hand-embroidered white waists that have just come over from the old country are more than attractive. In prices they commence at eighteen dollars and wander up to the fifty mark, but they are simply perfect work, and on the finest, sheerest batiste and linen. Altogether good and desirable wash waists also are to be found newly arrived at Siegel's, from \$2.50 up, and these are guaranteed to launder beautifully. For waists in tailor-made silks I can com-

mend the Siegel store. I saw some lovely striped and dotted silk waists with the Marie Antoinette ruffles down the front that are quite novel and awfully good form.

Well, Harriet, if one wants something very charming for the young people, let me take you immediately to the annex of the good Boston Store. For misses and small ladies—those lucky little women who can easily wear a girl's size frock—you can't find a better assortment of suits in all kinds of material as they already have in this department at the Boston Store. Some of the cutest little jumper suits I saw there in plaid and all over effects, and the stunningest cut coats in any and every style. Splendid traveling suits for the young person are also there, and, of course, the outfit is not nearly all opened up yet. From two to eighteen years of age can be adorned and tricked out in the very latest style, without the slightest worry or bother at any price and in any style desired at the Boston Store annex.

The Ville de Paris had summer in its heart this week, when they showed me the very latest assortment of novelties in white wash goods. Beauteous pieces of batiste for shirt waists or entire gowns in all the latest patterns, pique and rib-striped duck for summer suits are in great numbers at the Ville this year. White is, as usual, going to be in the greatest demand, and the Ville is all ready for the rush. Linens in all the popular shades, forty-seven inches wide and seventy-five cents a yard, are amongst the novelties at the waist goods department of the Ville this season. And here again we meet the tan in all its varying shades, and beautiful spring costumes will be created from these wide, smooth bolts of "every thread linen" and fast colors at that.

Once more, dear girl, I must bid you a fond farewell.

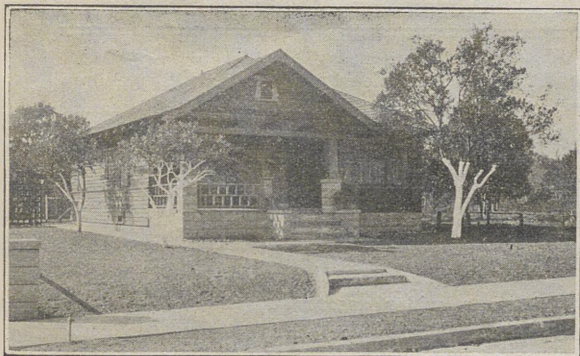
Affectionately yours, **LUCILLE.**  
South Figueroa St., February fifth.

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\$500 under value I offer this bungalow to make quick sale. \$2775 buys it. Terms if desired. Located in beautiful Alhambra, on North Valencia street; 30 minutes' ride from Los Angeles; seven-cent car fare; frequent service. Lot 50x160 feet; east front facing the snow-capped mountains; views unsurpassed. Bearing orange trees on ground; fine lawns. Bungalow of five rooms, with screen breakfast room, cellar and bath, as well as stationary wash tray. Inside finish slash grain art wood, except front bed-room and bath in white enamel. Living-room 12x20; beamed ceiling; plate rail; cream brick mantel; built-in buffet, with plate mirror and art glass; mission style electric fixtures; in fact, the interior arrangement can not be improved. Just a model place for anyone desiring a suburban peaceful home. Splendid mountain water. To see it is to buy it. All new, having been completed December 1. Particulars on premises, or Mr. Boyd, 392 Wilcox Block, Los Angeles, Cal., care "Graphic"; both phones.

At the conclusion of each football season it is customary for sporting writers to select all-star teams, picking the players best fitted for each position on the gridiron. Following this idea into the theatrical world, one of the greatest companies ever seen on the stage, with regard to evenness, and general excellence, could be made up from the local stock organizations, and it has been suggested that the companies combine, select a great play, and give it for one week at prices sufficient to compensate.

"Arizona" would be the best play available, for the reason that it is the greatest of all American plays in virility of plot and action, and richest in diversity of types. To Dick Ferris would be assigned the devising of scenic effects, and to his scenic artist, Mr. Bonner, their execution. George Barnum's reputation for staging big productions would make him the natural choice as director. The Auditorium Theater would furnish the capacity and a sufficiently large stage for the best results. Len Behymer should be in the box office, with Harry Wyatt in charge of the passes. Then the cast suggests itself as

follows:

Denton .....	Lewis Stone
Canby .....	A. Byron Beasley
Mrs. Canby .....	Eleanor Carey
Col. Bonham .....	William Yerance
Mrs. Bonham .....	Florence Stone
Bonita Canby .....	Blanche Hall
Capt. Hodgman .....	Harry Glazier
Sergt. Kellar .....	Howard Scott
Lena Kellar .....	Elsie Esmond
Tony .....	Harry Mestayer
Chinese Servant .....	John Daly Murphy
Post Doctor .....	John Burton
School Teacher .....	Eleanor Montell

As is usual when there is an extra big attraction at the Mason Opera House and disposing of seats is a mere matter of raking in the money that the public is eager to pay, the telephone receivers were down on both telephone lines in the box office throughout the "Madam Butterfly" engagement, and thereby "The Virginian" suffered. Persons telephoning for reservations for the play following the opera were unable to get connection with the theater, and according to the treasurer of one of the stock company theaters, he received orders from a dozen people

## On the Stage and Off



who mentioned specifically that they were coming to his theater because the Mason did not seem to want to sell seats. While a treasurer's life is not a happy one during the sale of seats for a big production, it is dollars to the management to see that its telephone service is always running freely.

It is probable that Katherine Emmet will be offered a position as star in a New York production of "Little Dorrit" next fall. Archie Selwyn, who was an interested spectator of the first performances at the Belasco last week, expressed himself as delighted with the little woman's interpretation of the touching role of Amy Dorrit, and something may come of it.

With a dual role, an indoor circus, an automobile, and the grip on his hands, all in one week, Dick Ferris has been an unenviable actor-manager promoter-chauffeur-patient this week.

John Blackwood has become so busy with his army of visitors and successive new productions at the Belasco of late that he has been forced to employ a stenographer. John can spin off a letter on the typewriter faster than he can dictate it, but he hasn't the time to lick the stamps, and besides it is conducive to terrific thirst.

The peculiar charm that distinguishes the works of Charles Dickens has well-nigh been lost in the dramatization of his "Little Dorrit." To be sure, the play is not entirely devoid of attraction, but it is doubtful if that attraction is not lent by the actors rather than the author. If one were not

familiar with Dickens' story and did not know of the debtors' prisons that existed many years, a great deal of confusion would result as to the "why" of things. There were many people in the audience who, from their audible whisperings, were evidently seeking explanations.

Some day, perhaps, dramatists will cease to make a davenport the battleground for love scenes. It is exceedingly rare to find a davenport or settle in a "real home" that is not set with its back to the wall. Therefore a piece of furniture so placed intrudes a note of theatricism that is annoying. While it is, of course, very romantic to see the hero lean gracefully over the object of his heart's desire, it is not at all pleasing to watch him breathe his plea to her back hair. A love scene is the dominant motive to most theater-goers. They enjoy such scenes, provided they are handled with the necessary dexterity. It is a pity that so pretty a scene, so winningly played by Miss Emmet and Mr. Stone, should be marred by what is evidently the playwright's "business."

The character of William Dorrit is simply what George Barnum makes of it. He gives to it a sympathy and a pathos all his own. There would be nothing appealing in the crabbed selfishness and egotism of Dorrit were it not for the occasional gleams of human understanding and discretion which are peculiarly Barnum-esque. A defect, slight in itself, but which should be remedied is Mr. Barnum's habit of nervously "jogging" his entire body.

The dramatist has again erred in drawing the character of Little Dorrit. Dickens' heroines are apt to be insipidly girly-girly

creatures, and a little more re-modeling of Amy Dorrit would have been grateful. In less capable hands than Katherine Emmet's Little Dorrit would arouse no sympathy. Barring an ingenuousness that is rather forced at times, she makes a lovably shy, sweet Dorrit—so that even her "preachiness" takes on charm. She makes a rarely sweet, almost childish picture in her simple blue gown, with a quaint little bonnet atop her curls.

The part of Arthur Clennam is made vitally strong by Lewis Stone, and the "vulgar" Forsby of John Daly Murphy is an unalloyed delight. There are numerous bits throughout the long cast worthy of mention. Especially marked is the excellent training of a number of children who appear in the debtor's prison. One wee,

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Gus Edwards' School Boys and Girls

Carletta

Four Parros

Lotta Gladstone

Bailey &amp; Austin's American Beauties

Geiger &amp; Walters

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curly-headed mite, laboring with knitting needles, affords intense enjoyment and seems to be a natural born actor.

One of the little incidents that occur unexpectedly and which enliven performances happened Tuesday night at the Belasco. Lewis Stone was called upon to play "God Save the King" in "Little Dorrit." Inasmuch as Stone is not a violinist, Victor Schertzinger was stationed in the wings to make the music while Stone ran his bow up and down over the mute strings. But, alas! Ere Mr. Stone had raised his bow the music began; Mr. Stone smiled, frowned and smiled again, and the audience, of course, laughed immoderately. And Mr. Stone calmly went on playing his nursery tune.

"Are You a Mason" is still packing them at the Burbank. They could hardly supply the demand, even after they ran the farce two weeks. Going some, isn't it?

**Trusty Tips to Theatre Goers.**

**Belasco**—The Belasco company has been having more than its share of successful premieres of late. Another new play, a farce by Edgar Selwyn, will be tried on the dog Monday night.

**Burbank**—C. T. Dazey's "Home Folks," which was postponed a week to make way for the second week of "Are You a Mason," will hold the boards for the coming week.

**Mason**—"The Blue Moon," which had a record breaking run in New York, comes to the Mason next week, with James T. Powers as the particular star.

**Orpheum**—John C. Rice and Sally Cohen, favorites of many seasons, return Monday evening. Their offering is entitled "A Bachelor's Wife," a theme that is attractively promising in humorous possibilities. Another well-remembered act of a year ago is the enthusiastic young bunch of comedians and singers who travel under the title "Gus Edwards' School Boys and Girls." Herman Timberg, comedian; Lillian Gohn and Gertrude Moulton, are the members of the company who remain. They are headed by Miss Maud Earle, a sister of Virginia Earle, with all of that comedienne's good looks and much of her ability as a singer. Carletta, billed as the Human Dragon, offers a turn that is the extremity of bizarre. Carletta objects to being programmed as a contortionist. The Four Parros are another of those quartettes of lady acrobats who add so greatly to the attractiveness of the vaudeville program. These are among the best in their class, and are said to have many novel features in their act. The girl with the laugh, Lotta Gladstone, will return next week to complete her interrupted engagement. Geiger and Walters, "In The Streets of Italy"; Bailey and Austin, "The American Beauties," and Sydney Deane's "Christmas at Blackwell's Island" complete the program.

**Grand**—"Why Girls Leave Home," or "A Danger Signal in the Path to Folly," is the alluring title of the week's melodramatic offering at the Grand. It is the story of another good girl gone wrong.

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# In the Musical World

By FREDERICK STEVENSON

With the coming and going of "Madam Butterfly" an entirely new stamp has been set upon our knowledge and appreciation of latter-day writing and latter-day effect. For it is the sheerest of nonsense to look upon the Puccini of this altogether extraordinary work and liken him to the Puccini of "La Boheme" and "Tosca."

It is, of course, quite true that the favorite Puccini tour de force of passionate surging melody, oftentimes doubled in the higher ranges, is in full evidence whenever the dramatic unities subserve. But in all else, save possibly in the almost uncanny knack of projecting detached everyday dialogue into apparently impenetrable thickets of orchestral luxuriance, Puccini has forsaken the characteristic formulas of his school and brought into being a most daring combination of the purest classic and the impurest devilish.

Somebody has said somewhere that "Madam Butterfly" is not contrapuntal. "Madam Butterfly," on the contrary, fairly sizzles with counterpoint. It is hurled at you from every point of the orchestral compass, teeming with an infinity of "species" that Cherubini and all his host never dreamed of, piled mountain high with progressions that would make Richter turn over in his grave, could he but hear them.

This confusion of ideas regarding counterpoint is not at all unusual. The current opinion appears to be that it is in hard and fast alliance with fugue. But, as a matter of fact, the two things may be as far apart as the poles are asunder—and they generally are so separated.

Let us put it in this form, and so clear the atmosphere. Fugue is counterpoint, but counterpoint is not fugue. And, in this latter and truer sense, the Puccini muse generally, and "Madam Butterfly" in particular, is as richly studded with contrapuntal brilliants as a Bachian gem of the first water—but in less formal fashion and in differing manner.

The vocal score, it is true, only shows this to a limited extent—for the very simple reason that the ten fingers of the most dextrous pair of hands cannot possibly cover the ramifications of the many orchestral melodic voices, and at the same time take adequate care of the terrific changeability and wonderful richness of the Puccini harmony. So, while we may say that we do not find fugal devices running riotously over the pages of our piano part, do not let us commit the error of imagining "Madam Butterfly" denuded of counterpoint.

This by the way. But I so greatly fear that the purely musical aspect of this marvelous work may tempt me into lengthened discussion of its strange characteristics and subtle peculiarities, that it will probably be wiser to take up the matter of Monday evening's performance while there is yet time.

It may be said at once, without much stretching of the courteous verities, that Mr. Savage's arists are not quite all that Mr. Savage and his eloquent lieutenants have

Painted them. But they are sufficiently near the mark for a generously full audience. And more than this can scarce be asked when things are done as royally as Mr. Savage is wont to do them.

Of the piteousness of the story enough has been writ to strain our sympathies almost to the breaking point ere we come to the picturing of its unfolding. Yet, in spite of this forearming with pity, it is curious in how comparatively small a degree the final scene calls upon the deeper emotional feelings. I can, of course, speak for myself alone. But it seems to me that the only really moving touch of intense pathos in the denouement lies in the slow waving of the Stars and Stripes by the blindfolded child, "Trouble."

But elsewhere in the dramatic development it were easy to cite almost half-a-hundred points of delicately poised pathos, of exquisite little touches of patient waiting and unswerving loyalty, of the beauty of soul which could picture the pretty childish hide-and-seek that would be when he should come again; and these were the phases which time and time again brought a throb to the throat and a mist before the eye.

It is no light thing to question the Belasco taste, or arraign the Belasco judgment. But I nevertheless believe that the great dramatist has made grave errors of both taste and judgment in his version of the original short story. The thrusting of Kate Pinkerton upon the stage (as originally devised) or in sight in the garden (as now adopted) is a positive atrocity, and nothing short of it. The appearance of an American wife at this juncture, and under such conditions, brings about of necessity a feeling of utter repugnance, and I cannot doubt for one moment that the entire scene suffers immeasurably from the strong revulsion of sentiment which must and does result.

And I cannot help thinking that the death of Cho-Cho-San would gain enormously in tragic import if it were in some manner consummated without even the brief but revolting detail by which it is now distinguished. The crying of Suzuki, too, runs dangerously near the border line of bathos.

That some element of doubt regarding these points must have been borne in upon those in authority is shown by the relegating of Kate to the background, and by the transference of nearly all her apologetic and pleading phrases to the Consul.

But, these unfortunate points apart, there can be naught but lavish praise coupled with great wonderment in respect of so very beautiful and so very reverential a presentation. For I take it that reverence for the ideas and ideals of other nationalities, and respect for the customs of foreign peoples, are very well worth due care; and it is precisely because the temptation to draw the easy laugh is steadfastly resisted that I rate the Savage taste as reverence.

Yet there is no lack of a certain quiet and dainty comedy—although much of it is either of so delicate a character or so enmeshed in the orchestral network that it often misses fire. What, for example, would be prettier than the passing moment when dear little Butterfly, shyly boasting her

pride of ancestry, turns to her girl friends and pleads "Say so," and they, bowing low, answer "It is so?" Or, again, when the Consul confesses ignorance regarding ornithology and Butterfly tilts her head and queries "Orni-"; or, still once more, when Butterfly mimics the good imaginary American judge in his still more imaginary verdict regarding the seeker after divorce—"Ah, wicked scoundrel, clap him in prison!"—all comedy of the most delicate type, but largely lost in the maze of its orchestral environment.

Turning for a few brief moments to the interpreters of this particular performance the first thought naturally wings itself to Miss Strakosch, the Butterfly of the evening. With a full appreciation of the tremendous demands of a role of this order—vocal, dramatic, pathetic, vivacious, appealing, shy in caress, witching in a thousand odd morsels of pretty by-play, flashing constantly with naive humor and gentle gibe—I account this clever girl a positive delight in all essential regards. That she is not the Japanese maid of Japan is true enough. But she is the idealized Japanese maid of our day and thought, and that is as we would have it.

Miss Strakosch has a beautiful voice of peculiarly appealing quality in the quieter moods, with an amplitude of range and thrill altogether satisfying. Were it not for the slightest suspicion of harshness in the close-shut medium tones it would be as lovable and magnetic as girl could well pray for.

If Miss Strakosch fails to quite reach the pinnacle of success in her impersonation the blame must be laid at the door of that strange combination of dramatic fervor and magnetic intensity of which there is no parent save the God of Nature. For it was here where I did not altogether find conviction. But, then, the higher flights of the theatric ever find me reluctant of persuasion; and, hence, the fault may be mine alone.

Of the Pinkerton of Vernon Stiles there should be no hesitation in pronouncing generously; and with the criticisms which have been meted out here and there I cannot at all agree. True criticism must ever hold strongly in mind the thing and purport proffered. Pinkerton is no dilettante courtier lover of the accepted Italian lyric type. He is a fine, big, manly American, with a bad kink in his conscience, it is true, but not so much outside the range of average humanity, if we would but own up.

Playing from this base Vernon Stiles is the happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care, be-merry today-for-tomorrow-we-die rangy white man lover to the very life. And, alack and alas, it is precisely through lovers of this stamp that the greater proportion of the trusting Butterflies of everyday life find the kingdom of the devil. Moreover, my unbiased opinion is that, if the befrilled lyric had toted his lovely collection of Neapolitan honey and Brummagem spoons up the Nagasaki hill, Butterfly would have turned him over to Suzuki's tender mercies and married Yamadori without further ado. By so much good or bad fortune are we turned toward weal or woe, whether we will or no.



If Miss Behnee were but gifted with just a shade more of that mystic thing which men term sympathy, for want of a better word, she might easily take rank with the greater operatic contraltos. Her vocal equipment is on an unusually bounteous scale—broad, free, and of splendidly timbered resonance in the upper reaches. In fact, the glorious but all too short trio of the last act "Ah, all the world is plunged in gloom," around which circles Suzuki's intense scene with Pinkerton and Sharpless, was by all odds the most superbly sung work of the evening.

"Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And, oddly enough, this is the phrase on my lips when Ottley Cranston proceeded to dole out ("dole" is the word—for there is no shade of hurry about Mr. Cranston) those smooth-as-butter basso notes of his. If the godly be scandalized, on his head be it. It was no fault of mine. One other and most exceptional charm this artist possesses in large degree—the perfection of both pronunciation and enunciation. And in these days of degeneracy of the one and the slipshodness of the other, purity of this stamp comes like a whiff of good, fresh air.

So far, good. But, in other respects, a calm and somewhat stately Briton as an American Consul is a rather curious proposition. I have a strong suspicion that a live young Yankee would have mused things up considerably for Mr. Pinkerton. And, yet, who can tell? Mr. Long does not think so. Mr. Belasco does not think so. And certain it is that under any other than the allotted conditions there could have been no Puccini in "Madam Butterfly."

The subordinate parts were in adequate hands, and the small chorus of female voices displayed some of the most finished back-scene singing that has ever been exploited here. In tonal character, in pitch and in consonant fluency with the orchestra it was altogether beyond reproach. But back of this are several secrets of managerial ability; and one of them is that a little electric keyboard under the manipulation of the director's left hand puts his distant chorus under the control of the baton.

The scenic setting is the most beautiful one seen here within memory. The cherry-

blossom garden, the Bay of Nagasaki, with the hills in the far distance, and the simplicity of the poverty-stricken home of the bitter later days bespeaks unmistakably the thought and watchfulness which has been brought to bear.

At a later date I hope for special sermonic reasons to bear extended tribute to Mr. Rothwell's fine directorial abilities. This exceedingly capable young conductor has a distinctly odd style, but there is no question about his far-reaching artistic perception and power of control.

Now and again he unleashes his pack and lets them run full tilt over everything. But, with such a subject to portray and such a force to portray it, he would have to be a little more than human to resist the Puccini passion.

It was, all in all, a remarkable presentation of a most remarkable work, and Los Angeles is not likely to lose touch of its deep effect through the coming years.

My friend Domenico Russo, the tenor, is in New York, and I take pleasure in republishing the following, translated from "Il Telegrafo" of that city:

"Another brilliant evening was Saturday at Circolo Nazionale Italiana. Among the numerous ladies present was Lina Cavallieri. The tenor Russo, a rare artist who has had many triumphs during his career and will soon be heard in the best theater here, sang with Madame Gina Viafora, receiving much applause and acclamation. We can say that he is one of the best Italian singers."

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard D. Burford will give the second chamber concert for the benefit of the free scholarship fund at Burford Hall Friday evening, February 7. Mrs. Burford will be the soloist, playing "Perpetuum Mobile," by Ries, and the duet from "Il Trovatore" arranged for one mandolin by Pettine. Her harp number will be "La Serenade" (fantasie), by Godefroid.

Madame Teresa Carreno is the next entertainer in the series of musicians constituting the Great Philharmonic Course. As the fourth event, she comes to this city February 22 for an afternoon concert at Simpson's Auditorium, and closes her season on the Pacific Coast with a second concert at the

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same place on Friday evening, February 28. It is only possible for two concerts to be given in this city by this distinguished artist.

On March 3 comes the greatest of all pianists, Ignace Paderewski, for one concert only to be given at the Shrine Temple, where the large seating capacity will admit of popular priced seats. Paderewski will be followed by that prime Los Angeles favorite, Fritz Kreisler, violinist. Immediately following these instrumentalists on March 10, comes that most dainty of lyric sopranos, Lillian Blauvelt. Surely it is a feast of music that Manager Behymer is bringing this season.

## Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

Martin J. Jackson's exhibit now being held at Steckel's gallery will be reviewed at length next week.

Tucked away in a beautiful spot of nature, close to the Mission Cañon, at Santa Barbara, is the artistic studio home of Mr. and Mrs. Fernand Lungren. The residence was built for the requirements of the painter and illustrator, and from plans formulated upon such necessities; consequently it is right to anticipate an unusual combination of working studio replete with all the requisites necessary to the professional painter; a splendid picture gallery, studio and comfortable living apartments, mellowing one into the other in the happiest way.

The house is built on the Mexican adobe plan, but using more modern and substantial

methods in the construction. The exterior of the walls, which are eighteen inches thick, is covered with a mixture of cement, brook-sand and adobe, giving a great solidity of appearance as well as a beautiful silver-grey finish that is very harmonious to the surroundings. The construction is enhanced in strength and beauty by its buttresses, which are of the same thickness as the walls.

The plan was carefully laid out with a view of comfort, not only to his own family, but also for complete welcome to his friends. The studio and gallery, which are separated by a movable screen, is 24 feet wide by 48 feet long, the height of the walls is 19 feet, with a sky-light of generous proportions, so constructed as to illuminate the studio and gallery in the best possible manner. From

this studio is an open stairway that leads to the upper living rooms, that are also models of convenience, comfort and beauty. The sitting-room is decorated in greys, most charming in tone, with the hangings, cushions, etc., in a delightful soft harmony of grey blue. There is but one picture hanging in this room, that of "Introspection," belonging to Mrs. Lungren, and a great favorite with her. This room has a peculiar reposeful charm that is entirely out of the ordinary, and must be seen to be felt and appreciated. The guest room is decorated in soft rich yellows. The dining-room is in greens and gold. The kitchen is pure white throughout, throwing the blue delft ware out in lovely contrast. Every modern improvement is installed here, with a fireless cooker and every electric appliance neces-



sary for the convenience of the household. The house itself is also heated by electricity.

A very large out-door gallery extends from the sitting-room, where are also out-of-door sleeping apartments among the trees and birds. In the treasures owned by Mr. Lungren is a very valuable Chinese silk rug bearing the crest of the Chinese Empress. It was formerly owned by a Japanese Ambassador and found its way into the shop of a New York dealer, where its value was overlooked and where Mr. Lungren, by accident and good luck, came across and immediately purchased it. It now adorns his gallery.

Mr. Lungren has been a collector of art treasures for years, he having many things of priceless value in his home that are of interest to all. Among them is a large and valuable collection of Japanese prints, for which Mr. Lungren has had a great fancy for many years.

It appears that Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White were the ones who first influenced the Lungrens to locate at Santa Barbara, and, perhaps, there is no more beautiful spot along the Coast than the "Italy of America." The blue and emerald ocean flinging its beautiful waters into the very streets of Santa Barbara, and with the mountain peaks bathed in sunshine, and clothed with trees of every description and gorgeously decorated with a profusion of flowers. What could be more inspiring to a painter? Mr. Lungren is now working hard to make up for time lost in the attention he gave to the building of his house, so we may expect to see great things from this gifted artist before many moons.

Now that Steckel's gallery has opened for exhibition purposes there is every prospect of its being kept alive with good show-

ings until the summer months. Following Mr. Jackson's exhibit will be that of J. E. McBurney and Miss Margaret Patterson. Mrs. Wachtel exhibits next, and possibly Jules Pages, who intends to send on some pictures for that purpose.

At the Maryland Hotel, Pasadena, there is an exhibit of Gobelin tapestries, paintings by old masters, miniatures, ivory carvings, and some very rare and unusually fine examples of Dresden ware, the private collection of Mrs. E. H. A. Schultze. Two good examples of Gobelin tapestries were exhibited, both good in color, but somewhat uninteresting in subject, "The Knight's Departure" and "The Centurion's Offering on the Altar of Victory"; they were in a good state of preservation. The following old masters were represented, all but one undoubtedly being genuine: Willem Claasz Heda, 1594-1678; Jan Davidsz de Heem, 1600-1683; Lucas Van Leyden, 1493-1533; Bartholomeus Van der Helst, 1613-1670; Adriaan Van Ostade, 1610-1685; Pieter Cornelisz van Slingelandt, 1640-1691; Gerard Terburg, 1613-1681; William Van de Velde, 1633-1707; Solomon Ruisdael, 1600-1670; Abraham van Beryeren, 1620-1674; Aelbert Gynyp, 1620-1691; Jacob Van der Does, 1623-1673; Govaert Flinck, 1615-1660; Hendrik Van Steenwick, 1550-1604; Willem Johannes Martens, 1838-1895. Some of these were gems that made it seem surprising that they were wandering around this way looking for some permanent admirer. In the carved ivories there were some excellent examples; one piece, a large tankard, cut from a solid piece of ivory, was a splendid illustration of the carver's art, an unusually fine piece. This was priced at five thousand dollars. Some excellent miniatures were shown, one a portrait of Empress

Josephine that gave evidence of its being a good likeness, as well as being good in color and nicely handled. Some of the rarest things shown were old royal meissen porcelain. One piece, a "chandelier," beautiful in design and exquisite in its detail, was one of the best examples of the wonderful Dresden ware. It was covered with flowers, that were minutely carried out to the very stamens, and singularly enough it was also in perfect condition, a very rare thing to find owing to its delicate and frail parts. There were also some exquisite little figures in which the lace on the costumes was perfectly rendered; indeed, these pieces were museum pieces, which made it seem strange they were wandering around in this way. There were many other articles in silver, cut glass, pewter, etc., too numerous to mention, but all interesting.

Mrs. J. F. Kanst gave a dinner last Sunday in honor of Mrs. E. Landseer Harris, the painter. Many admirers and friends called in the afternoon to enjoy meeting Mrs. Harris.

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## Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

Here is something that everybody else has overlooked. Why I cannot say, except that one is liable to be had up for contempt of court in commenting on the subject. I will take that chance and here goes for a very vigorous comment. About a year ago Mr. E. K. Green was out in the Boyle Heights neighborhood in his two cylinder Reo. To use a horsey metaphor, Mr. Green is aged. He has reached years of discretion and knows enough to drive his car carefully. He would be the very last man in the world to accuse of "scan'lous" driving. He bought his car to get around in and not to break records with. Very well, he was turning the corner of First and Chicago streets when a track oiler took it upon himself to run out in the road in front of the car and get knocked down. Said track-oiler was injured, for which we are all very sorry, especially Mr. Green himself. Recently this track-man has been awarded \$7,000 damages and Mr. Green has to pay it. Now let us look into this case and dissect it a little, we shall discover the worst case of injustice that we have heard of many a long day. The idea of the fiery, red, space-eating, death-bringing juggernaut must be entirely eliminated. By no possible stretch could one refer to a poor little two-cylinder farmer

wagon Reo as a juggernaut. On a level road when all conditions are favorable that car might make thirty-five miles an hour, but under the conditions that prevailed at the time of the accident, it is doubtful if the car was going at more than eight miles. Mr. Green was turning a corner and you may be quite sure that he was doing so carefully. Anybody who knows Mr. Green and has ridden with him can tell you that he always turns corners carefully. The track-oiler fellow stepped in front of the car without looking to see what was coming and consequently was knocked down and run over. Now comes the question, "Who is the man above all others who should be on the lookout for approaching vehicles on the road?" and echo answers "The track-oiler." The fact of the matter is that he was working way out in the wilds of unfrequented Boyle Heights and had grown careless. Added to that he worked for the railroad company and began to believe that he owned most of the roadway on which he worked. Any man who works for \$1.75 a day at a job which entails constant risk, and then gets so stuck on himself that he thinks that everybody has to get out of his way, deserves all that comes to him. I am sorry for that track-oiler but I cannot extend any seven thousand dollar sympathy to him.

He was careless and ignorant and he had that bump coming to him. The case of course was not tried before a jury. Mr. Green's attorney was too wise to ask for that.

The man who does not own an automobile looks upon every man who does with envy and names him speediac and a louse. The man who owns an auto looks upon pedestrians as ordinary fellow men with as much right to a place in the road as himself. The lower class and the poor are always jealous of more successful men, and their ignorance is a grand foundation for envy, hate and maliciousness. The same innate "something" that makes a certain class of pedestrians curse an auto driver caused the secret message of congratulation that the unions sent to the Portuguese assassins. It is not like the old days in Paris, when the aristocrats haughtily ordered their coachmen to ride down the groveling brats in front of their carriages and to kill as many of the "cannaille" as possible. Our people today are more or less risen from the crowd, and they have the human sympathy that goes always with a human being that works his way to fortune or fame. The man who drives and owns an auto is not a crazy fool who wants to see how fast he can drive with one eye on the control and the other on the look-out for

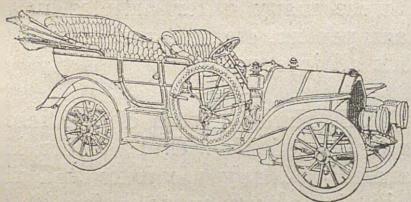


# Tourist

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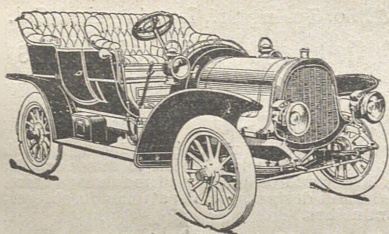
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Member Auto Dealers Assn. So. Cal.

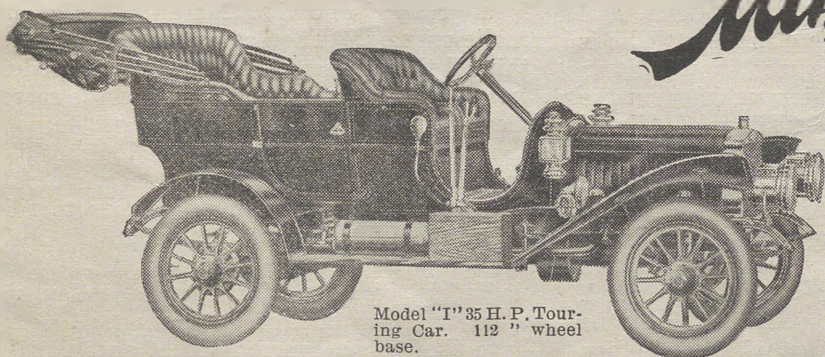
pretty faces on the sidewalk. He is generally a gentleman who rides in a car because he finds it cheaper and more convenient than a horse and buggy. But as long as the world lasts nobless will oblige, and God wot I, for one, will oblige with it. How it irks me to notice the underbred, ill-educated importations from European countries who cannot even speak their own language grammatically. They come over here and immediately become obsessed with the idea that they are much better than anybody else. The way they put it is, "I'm as good as you and to hell with you." The English are the worst offenders in this way. They hear wonderful tales about America, and herd into the steerage of a liner. When they reach New York they again hear wonderful tales of the Great West. Out they come and find that they are treated in a companionable manner by people of wealth. At home they touch their hats and say "Sir" when they speak to you, blast them, but here they find that they are supposedly on a level with their own countrymen who have education and generations of refined ancestors behind them. They march up to you and say, "'Alloo, hold chap, you're a Britisher, ain't yer? So'm Oi, 'ow are yer, buy us a drink, won't yer?" They are bad enough when they are hard up, but when they make a little money, they are simply insufferable. The good Lord knows that I believe in the rights of man and that everybody should have an equal chance. But if you have not the brains and the "gyp" to send you to the front, for goodness sake butt in where you belong, and stay with the rank and file. They talk about the aristocracy of wealth in the States, and some are heard to blather about an aristocracy of the cultured. That last aristocracy is found among a bunch of highly immoral bunglers who suffer from the worst of ingrowing diseases, namely "culturine." There is just one aristocracy in this country, and it is made up of the good, level-headed, quiet savings-bank account business men. They are good fathers, good husbands, and good sportsmen, but mighty poor politicians. Let us hear more from them—if they would take more interest in the primaries and the city council we would hear less of injustice and graft. Am I right? Eh, what?

I should like to know whether the Auto Dealers are right in their new rules about the hill-climb or not? Personally, I have

had an idea that they are altogether wrong. But then I may be equally as wrong as they are. I have not spoken to Mr. Shettler about it, for the simple reason that I have had no time as I was very much taken up with the Maxwell opening last week. The question is: "Is it good for the business generally to make the Altadena Hill-Climb a purely professional and dealers' affair and thus a matter of advertising?" My reply, at present, would be unequivocally NO. And here are my reasons for it. I think you will all agree with me that the actual advertising advantage of a hill-climb or endurance run is almost nil. I say "almost" because there is this much advantage. If a dealer can make a fairly successful climb or run (mind you not of necessity winning in either case) he can make such a hullabaloo in the advertising columns of the papers that he may attract the attention of some possible purchasers. Then, if he and his men are clever salesmen, he can probably make a sale. Are many sales made from the result of a hill-climb? I think not. If they are, the general public has far less sense than I have always given it credit for. No, gentlemen, the way I size up the situation is thusly: Hill-climbs, endurance runs, auto shows, record-breaks, any kind of an event in auto circles, they are all good for the business because they attract the attention of the auto-buying public; therefore, a hill-climbing contest is good only to attract the attention of the possible purchaser and that of many people who have not quite made up their minds whether to buy an auto or not. Is it not reasonable then to say that if your idea is to attract the attention of the public, that you should permit all auto owners to compete: Each private owner who competes will interest at least half a dozen friends who will come to see him race. In many cases the private owner will bring along a couple of dozen owners and possible purchasers. Believe me, this is all good for the business, no matter whether you sell a cheap-price machine or one of those big buzz-wagons that set you back a dollar every time you run a mile with it. There may be something back of this decision of the local auto dealers and they have, perhaps, an excellent reason for their action. If so I have not heard of it, but will be only too glad to give that reason next week, or rescind my story if they assure me that they have such a reason and do not wish it made public. But, for the present, I state my opinion that it would be better for the trade in general if private owners were allowed to compete in the Altadena Hill-Climb.

The Maxwell opening was one large success. So far as my part of the work was concerned, I never felt so proud in my life as when Mr. Willeox said to me, "Well, Jack, you did finely and made a success of your part of the work." That is pretty good, coming from a man like "Shorty" Willeox. But my work was easy. All I had to do was chase around and hire people to decorate and hang electric lights and telephone Nannie Reynolds to come down and give us something to eat and drink. What really made the opening such an almost brilliant affair was the wholeheartedness with which everybody connected with the place worked and, above all, the extensive friendship that Mr. Willeox has made since he has been in the business. In

## 1908 Mitchell



Model "T" 35 H.P. Touring Car. 112" wheel base.

### Touring Car \$2200 Equipped

The Mitchell Model "T" Touring Car is the equal of any car in the world selling at 25% more money—For speed, power, smooth running qualities and low cost of up-keep the Mitchell is superior to a great many cars costing up to double the price.

The Mitchell is the most economical car in the world—Buy this car and you'll be satisfied.

## IMMEDIATE DELIVERY GREER-ROBBINS CO.

Cor. 15th and Main Sts.  
Phones: Broadway 5410; B 5813

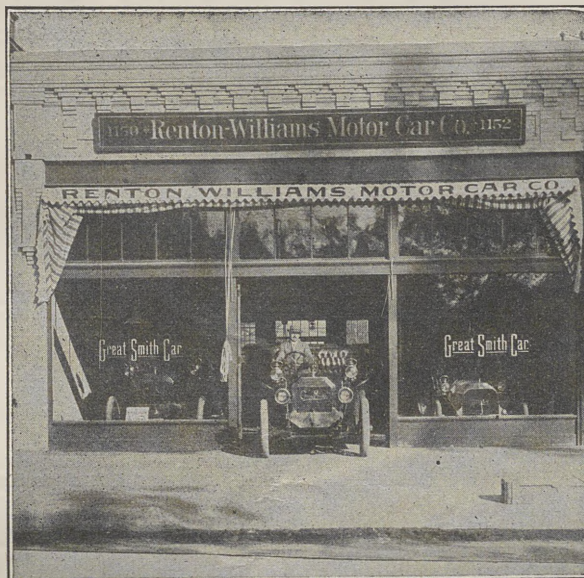


the first place the new garage is a dandy place. It is very large, and experience has added the most convenient adjuncts in every way. This alone makes the place well worth a visit. Then when you take a place like that, decorate it nicely, put in some music and give every visitor a souvenir and "restaureate them a la Reynolds" it is not to be wondered that the place was crowded all the time. The Misses Willcox and two or three other charming girls came down and acted as hostesses, and they certainly did it beautifully. Some of the women folk who came in at first looked a trifle nervous as though they did not know what to do, but our gallant hostesses soon put them at their ease and had them sitting down at a table and drinking tea before they knew what had happened. About half past five, just after we had turned all the lights on, the fuses began to pop and we had quite a time fixing them up; but the electrician who had charge of the lighting came around about that time and fixed things so that there was no more trouble. Even more people came around in the evening than during the afternoon, and many of them stayed quite late as the band made a hit. This consisted of the Imperial trio. They have a regular guitar, some kind of patent guitar, bass-viol bazzoo and a mandolin banjorine. Their playing was good, but what made the hit was their singing and some clog-dancing before the lights went out. Yes; the Maxwell opening was one fine success, and Mr. Willcox deserves great credit for the idea and the carrying out of it.

I see that Moreland has returned to his first love. In other words, he has left the Durocar people and has accepted a position with the Tourist people, in San Francisco. He will boss the mechanical department there, and he is surely qualified to hold down that job forever. W. L. Moreland was with the Tourist people when they first started in business and stayed with them for some time. Then, when the Durocar Company started, he went with them as general designer and manager. I have no idea what reason he has for his change, but I feel sure that it is a good one, and the Auto Vehicle Company is to be congratulated on its acquisition.

Say, but that was a great race last Friday; I don't think. I had forgotten all about it and had just left the car at Pico and Flower when I was hailed by Don Lee and Jeff, who were on their way to the scene of the race in a four-cylinder Cadillac. I jumped in and got Don to drop me at the house so that I could get my overcoat and goggles. We went out Adams and found the road fairly good except for a very bad stretch just before Adams runs into Washington. After that we went right on to Venice, along the front and so up to the Palisades, where the race was to start. We found a disconsolate bunch gathered around the Haynes. The car was out of commission and we had nothing to do but turn around and come back. The magneto is driven by the cog-wheel on the end of the inlet cam shaft. This wheel engages with a driver on the main shaft at the other side, so that any accident to it would put the cam shaft and, of course, the engine out of commission. Just before they reach-

ed the starting point the bolts that hold the magneto on the bed-plate worked loose. The magneto shifted away from the driving cog-wheel and then suddenly shifted back with the next lurch of the machine. The result was that both wheels were stripped of half their cogs as clean as though they had been turned off in the lathe. No chance to make a race that day. Unfortunately Mr. Stimson had already arranged to ship his car to Seattle that afternoon, so we cannot look for another race until the northern lumber king pays us another visit.



## The Great Smith Car

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL  
CAR OF THE YEAR -:-

Sounds Like a Heavy Blast—Maybe

We're Prepared to Prove It  
Drop Around and Be Convinced

RENTON & WILLIAMS  
MOTOR CAR CO.

1150-52 South Main Street



EVERYTHING  
FOR THE  
CAR.

E. A. FEATHERSTONE  
CO.  
1018 S. Main

# LOCOMOBILE 1908

DEMONSTRATOR HAS ARRIVED

CARS FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

Success Automobile Co.

E. E. CAISTER, Manager.

Corner Pico and Hill Sts.

Both Phones



## Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, OF THE CORNISH-SEARL SYNDICATE

Money conditions have finally settled upon a hard bottom, and the future indicates a dullness for a time that few of us cared to predict when the recent flurry started in earnest three months ago.

President Roosevelt having dealt the "interests" another blow, a week ago, Wall street has been reflecting the feeling against Washington ever since. The coming presidential campaign promises a repetition, in interest, of the 16-to-1 struggle of 1896, but in a somewhat milder form. One would be courageous to predict what will follow the campaign. We all know that as a whole the country is sound, and that optimism is a national characteristic. Pretty soon all who persist in preaching the gospel of everything-is-bound-to-ring-true-in-the-end will again be saying, "I told you so." Until that time the yawper and the demagogue will have sway.

If there is a moral in the above, it leads in the direction of standard securities that never again will be as cheap as they are at present. Buy all you can get as an investment, and if you have money left after that, get hold of Los Angeles aqueduct bonds, with irreproachable security to back them.

I shall be pleased to talk to small investors in person about these bonds.

The First National Bank, of Goldfield, opened February 1, and the bank took over the business of the Nye & Ormsby Bank.

The suspension of the Citizens Savings Bank, of Long Beach, surprised no one. The

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK.**  
Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at close of Business, Dec. 3, 1907  
RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts .....	\$10,185,544.73
Bonds, Securities, Etc.....	2,588,674.03
Clearing House Loan Certificates....	87,000.00
Clearing House Scrip .....	69,264.00
Cash and Sight Exchange .....	4,190,900.94

**TOTAL .....** \$17,121,383.70  
LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock .....	\$ 1,250,000.00
*Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	1,499,001.65
Circulation .....	1,242,100.00
Bonds Borrowed.....	145,000.00
Deposits .....	11,685,282.05
Other Liabilities .....	1,300,000.00

**TOTAL .....** \$17,121,383.70

\*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

We recommend the purchase of Home Preferred, Home Common, Home 1st 5's U. S. Long Distance, Central Oil, Union Oil.

**FIELDING J. STILSON CO.**

305 H. W. Hellman Building

Telephones

Main 105

A5247

assets of the bank are such that with time and prudent management all claims can be met.

A. R. Collins has succeeded W. A. Kennedy as cashier of the First National, of Long Beach.

The Commercial National, of Los Angeles, is in its new quarters in the Hotel Angelus corner. The bank has a long lease on these quarters, which are among the best in the city as to location and facilities for business.

The Bank of Rawhide (Nev.) has incorporated with a capital stock of \$25,000. The incorporators are J. K. Turner, Charles A. Gohrman and W. A. Massey.

C. E. Newcomer has been appointed third assistant-cashier of the First National, of Riverside. Theo. Hurd becomes paying teller.

The Bankers' Savings Bank and the Crown City Savings banks, of Pasadena, have consolidated. The officers are: President, Henry Slaudeman; vice-president, J. B. Coulson; secretary, J. C. Brainerd; directors—Henry Slaudeman, G. O. Gibbs and C. J. Willett.

F. D. Hall has been elected cashier of the First National, of Escondido, in place of S. A. Reed who has accepted the cashiership of the German-American Bank, of Portland, Oregon.

San Diego is organizing a clearing house association.

The German-American Savings Bank has moved to its new rooms in the Union Trust building, Fourth and Spring streets. After the bank has become accustomed to its new

home the safety boxes in the old bank will be removed. The bank has the entire basement of the new home for safety and storage purposes, and will remove the old boxes intact to a new section in the new vault. The new vault has a capacity of 20,000 boxes of all sizes.

**Bonds.**

The building of the Bank of Orange is being remodelled.

The park commissioners of Riverside have started a movement for the improvement of Fairmount Park. If money cannot be appropriated directly, a bond issue will be made.

Elsinore votes February 27 on an issue of \$7,000 for lighting purposes, the plan being to purchase the electric light plant now owned by private parties.

The Lemon Grove school district, San Diego County, votes February 15 on an issue of \$4,000.

The street bond election of Huntington Park, to authorize \$3,500 street department bonds, has been postponed until February 10.

Pasadena votes February 20 on a \$50,000 issue, for various municipal improvements.

The bankers of Ventura County, who recently purchased about \$75,000 of the issue of municipal bonds voted in Ventura County, have apportioned the purchase among themselves thus: The Bank of Ventura took \$16,500 of the bonds; Collins bank, \$10,000; First National of Ventura, \$11,600; Bank of Oxnard, \$10,000; Levy Bank, \$10,000; Farmers & Merchants Bank of Santa Paula, \$8,000; Fillmore State Bank, \$6,200, and Ojai State Bank, \$5,000.

## In the Literary World

It is a short but interesting account of "Petrarch; His Lifework and Time," which is presented in a book by Mr. H. C. Holloway-Calthrop, lately of Balliol College, Oxford, and now of Eton College (Putnams). The author acknowledges much indebtedness to the well-known and relatively exhaustive works of Koerting and Fracassetti, but the materials of the biography are drawn mainly from Petrarch's own writings. Within the space at his command the author is naturally unable to enter into minute discussions of intricate and difficult chronological questions, but he has been at much pains to attain accuracy, cites his authorities, and where a problem exists indicates the alternative solutions.

In a volume entitled "Legal Essays" (the Boston Book Company) will be found fourteen papers written by the late James Bradley Thayer, LL.D., who was long the Weld professor at law at Harvard University. Much of the material which would

have gone into his proposed treatise on constitutional law is no doubt contained in these essays, which, therefore, may be looked upon as preserving to some extent the proofs of his patient and deep study of constitutional topics. We can emphasize the value of the discussions by selecting for special attention the address delivered at Chicago in 1893 on "The Origin and Scope of the American Doctrine of Constitutional Law," the article originally printed in the "Nation" on "Dicey's Law of the English Constitution," the essay on "Our New Possessions," published in 1899 in the Harvard "Law Review," and the address read at Detroit in 1895 on "The Teaching of English Law at Universities." Of particular interest also are the articles on "Law and Logic" and on "Trial by Jury of Things Supernatural."

To one who loves books for what they contain, and not because of their antiquity or on account of the hands through which they have passed, there is a sort of grim



humor in such a discovery as has recently been made regarding the famous "Breeches" Bible that is supposed to have been the property of Milton, and that contains the alleged signatures of Milton and his wife. This Bible is one of the famous editions in which the word "breeches" appeared instead of "aprons" in the passage that should have read "They sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons." The error was probably due to some fun-loving printer, whose little joke escaped the proof-reader. At any rate, "Breeches" Bibles are valued by collectors, and the one supposed to contain the autographs of the great blind poet and his wife was looked upon as an especially rare relic. This particular Bible is an object of suspicion now, for the great handwriting expert, Richard Carvalho, has voiced his strong suspicion of the authenticity of the autographs. There are many arguments in favor of his contention.

The volume in question is a small, thick quarto, covered with old leather boards, brass mounted and with a clasp. The imprint in it states that it was printed in London by the deputies of Christopher Barker, 1588. There is no question as to its authenticity so far as this is concerned. Pasted on the inside cover is a slip of paper three and one-half by two and one-half inches in size, on which is written: "John Milton, Feb. 24, 1654." On the title page appears, under date of 1664, the signature of his third wife, Elizabeth Milton, and her maiden name, "Elizabeth Minshull," together with a note purporting to have been written by her on December 27, 1714, in which she wills the volume to her mother, "Widow Matthews." There are also autographs of William Minshull, Nantwich, and Thomas Matthews, Middlewich. When the volume first came to the notice of collectors, Dr. William Aldis Wright, who is thoroughly familiar with the signature of Milton, pronounced the autograph genuine. The London Atheneum, which is considered almost infallible in such matters, vouched for the book. It gave a long account of it, in which the opinion was ventured that the volume was the identical one from which Milton's daughters read to him after he had become blind. The book passed through various hands, and in New York, recently, it was purchased by an agent of a New York dealer for \$1,225, the lowest price for which it has ever been sold. The agent examined the autographs through a strong microscope, after making the purchase, and formed the opinion that the letters had been traced, and that the two signatures, although supposed to have been written ten years apart, had been made with the same ink. He discovered, too, that outside of the supposed

Milton signature, the others were in the same hand apparently, the letter "M" especially looking the same in each name. He submitted the book to Carvalho, who agreed with him. There is another strong point against the authenticity of the book. It had been rebaked—that is, new end papers and flyleaves had been put in. These appear to be of a modern weave of paper, as also does the piece of paper on which appears the poet's name. Whoever did the forgery picked up a dishonest penny for which he will not have to account in this world.

It is evident that Indianapolis is in some particulars not a suitable home for a literary magazine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, who publish a long line of popular novels, established "The Reader" in full confidence that it would win a place for itself in the regard of the public, and incidentally serve their interests in the advertising department, but discovered, as so many publishers had discovered before them, that magazines thrive best in publishing centers. Authorship is indigenous in Indiana, but the native productions seek Boston, New York or Philadelphia markets. Beginning with the issue for March, "The Reader" will be combined with "Putnam's Monthly," of New York, taking second place in the double title, and the combination magazine will continue the unique features of each publication.

Thomas A. Rickard, the editor of the "Mining and Scientific Press," of San Francisco, has blossomed out as the author of "Journeys of Observation," (Dewey Publishing Co., San Francisco). Of this book the "Argonaut" says: "Mr. Rickard says that his present book is a record of observations made by a traveler who happens to be a mining engineer, and by this happy phrase he well describes a pleasant mingling of general description and technical information, in which the latter is not allowed to predominate unduly. But the mining engineer who wishes to know something of conditions in southwestern Colorado and Mexico is likely to find all that he needs in Mr. Rickard's book. And the general reader will find nothing to skip in a story of leisurely rambling during which the mind of the engineer naturally gravitated toward its own special concerns. Certainly there is nothing in the book that is beyond the range of ordinary human interest or average intelligent comprehension. The value of a book ought not to be enhanced by its form, but it unquestionably is, and Mr. Rickard's book is a comfortable one to read and a sumptuous one to own. The type is of imposing size, the margins are ample, and the hundred and more illustrations are beyond praise, and they are always helpful to the text. The descriptive matter is notable for its local coloring and vivacity of style. We have not only a picturesque account of the mining activities over a wide and fascinating area, but Mr. Rickard's general survey of industrial conditions is peculiarly valuable and free from limitations of prejudice and custom. He has certainly written a book that every mining man ought to possess and that should be equally acceptable to the student of human affairs in general."

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

## Los Angeles Railway Company

Reaches all points of interest including the beautiful City Parks.

### NOTICE TO PASSENGERS

#### How Passengers Can Avoid Accidents:

There is only one safe way to get off a car—grasp the handle with the left hand and face the front end of car, then if car should happen to start you would not be thrown. Do not attempt to get on or off while it is in motion. After alighting, never pass around the front end of car. In passing the rear end, always be on the lookout for cars passing in opposite direction on the other track. Have no conversation with motorman. Any information desired, communicate with conductor.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., January —, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Jennie A. Bristol, of Sherman, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement, No.—, for the purchase of the E½ of SE¼ and SW¼ of SE¼ of Section No 26, in Township No. 1S, Range No. 19W, S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, California, on Wednesday, the 11th day of March, 1908.

She names as witnesses: Marion Decker, Charles M. Decker, Freeman M. Kincaid, all of Los Angeles, Cal., and Albert M. Montgomery, of Santa Monica, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 11th day of March, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Jan'y 11, 9t.—Date of first publication, Jan. 11-08.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles Cal., December 30, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Emil Bartholomans, of Fernando, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No.—, for the purchase of the Lot Two (2), of Section No. 6, in Township No. 2N, Range No. 14W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on Tuesday, the 3rd day of March, 1908.

He names as witnesses: Maurice L. Weile, John J. Goldworthy, of Los Angeles; Bablo Lopez and Stephen Lopez, of Fernando, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 3rd day of March, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Jan.4-9t. Date of first publication Jan.4-'08.

## CALIFORNIA MILITARY ACADEMY

SANTA MONICA, CAL.

MAJOR E. H. BAKER, Superintendent  
BARTLETT R. BISHOP, A. B., Principal

Boarding and Day School for Boys  
Fits for all colleges, scientific schools  
and for business. Fall Term begins  
Sept. 25, 1907. Catalog on application.



Until You Have Tasted  
**Bishop's California  
 Glace Prunes**

**You have yet to taste the unequalled confection of the world**

Glace Prunes are not "similar" to anything ever before made in the world.

Glace Prunes are the California fresh prune, crystallized to preserve their original fresh flavor, then stuffed with California English Walnuts.

You can have absolutely no conception of the fascinating deliciousness of this dainty confection until you have eaten Bishop's Glace Prunes.

We want YOU to try them—to have your friends enjoy them, and to have us send them to many of your friends who live in the East and away from Los Angeles.

You can buy Bishop's Glace Prunes from all large dealers in Los Angeles.

If you live where you cannot secure these prunes from your dealer, send us order with postoffice money order inclosed. Packed in one, two and five-pound boxes. Prices—70c, \$1.30 and \$3.00 each. We will express or mail them direct, and pay all charges, to any address in the United States.

**BISHOP & COMPANY**  
 LOS ANGELES, CAL.

**IT PAYS TO USE A  
 SAFE MILK**

That's why thousands are using

# Lily Milk

It is possible to obtain good milk through the ordinary channels—if you have the luck to find it.

But few are satisfied with the fresh milk they get. 'Tis either not pure, not rich, does not keep well, or is not full-creamed.

Then think of the trouble—having to keep it on ice; having the bottles to wash and care for, and other milk vessels to keep clean. And you frequently do not have enough—an emergency may arise.

LILY MILK is always pure, sweet, full-creamed, delicious. Moreover, it is sterilized—wholesome, healthful and nourishing.

LILY MILK is convenient—keeps fresh and good in the can—you can keep a supply on your pantry shelf and use it at pleasure—no fear of an emergency; there's no washing of milk vessels, no worry about souring.

Thousands are now using LILY MILK for all milk purposes. Are you? Better try a can tomorrow.

Sold By All Grocers.

**Pacific Creamery Co.**

Los Angeles



## PRESERVES

### Something New

Made in the foothills. Are different from others. They are made of FRUIT and CANE SUGAR—  
**NOTHING ELSE.**

**ASK YOUR GROCER**

**Phoenix Brand  
 Monrovia  
 Foothill Preserves**

# OVERLAND LIMITED

## Via San Francisco

Exclusively for  
**First Class Travel**

Daily Service From San Francisco at 10:00 A. M.

## Three Days to Chicago

Via Ogden and Omaha

Observation Club Cars, Pullman Standard Sleepers,  
 and Dining Cars, presenting all that is new in  
 Railroad equipment.

The "Owl" leaving Los Angeles at 5:00 P. M. makes  
 close connections following morning.

City Ticket Office, 600 S. Spring St. Cor. Sixth

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC